

IMPROVEMENT ERA

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS AND THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH
OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS



Vol XIII FEBRUARY, 1910 No. 4

Published Monthly at Salt Lake City by the General Board.
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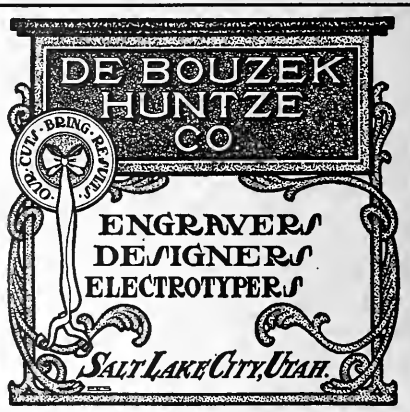
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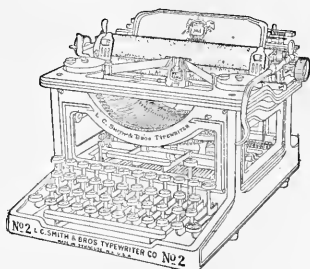
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AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE OF UTAH,
Logan, Utah, December 6th, 1909.

EDITOR IMPROVEMENT ERA: The December issue of the ERA impresses me as being so excellent that I can not refrain from writing you a few words of appreciation. This issue certainly compares favorably with any similar magazine throughout the country, and means so much more to our people than the best of the magazines published outside of the Church. I have read almost every page of this issue of the ERA and have found pleasure and profit in the reading.
—JOHN A. WIDTSOE.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, FEBRUARY, 1910.

JOSEPH F. SMITH, EDWARD H. ANDERSON,	} Editors	HEBER J. GRANT, Business Manager MORONI SNOW, Assistant
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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XIII.

FEBRUARY, 1910.

No 4.

Belief in God.*

BY REV. J. R. DUMMELOW, M. A.

II.

The Moral argument—that drawn from the phenomena of Conscience—has been similarly assailed, but with no better success. Attempts have been made to discredit the authoritative character of conscience by claiming for it a non-moral origin. Conscience, it is urged, is the result of a long and complicated process of evolution, and really represents, not the divine voice of an inward monitor, but the outcome of ages and ages of racial self-interest. To reduce it to a principle of individual self-interest is obviously absurd considering how frequently conscience and immediate self-interest are found to be ranged on opposite sides. But the interest of the community or the race is a different thing. Generation after generation has, as it were, mechanically impressed upon its members the tendency to act in a direction salutary to the race, so that at last this unselfish or “altruistic” principle has become a sort of instinct or second nature, varying indeed in its range, intensity, and degree of enlightenment, but a constant characteristic of man as man.

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This line of argument is supported by the consideration that there are traces of apparently conscientious action in animals customarily regarded as irrational, and that conscience in mankind exhibits extremely various and inconsistent results in different circumstances and stages of civilization.

But to treat conscience and the moral argument on these lines involves a misconception of the scope of Natural Science. The scope of Natural Science, properly so called, does not include the origin of things nor the purpose and end of their being. It is merely concerned with a description of their present state and the discovery and analysis of the process by which they arrived thereat. Conscience is what it is, quite independently of the process by which it may have been evolved; just as man is man—an intelligent, rational, moral, spiritual being, whatever may have been the stages whereby the physical side of him climbed up from the humblest places of the realms of organic life. Undoubtedly the truer view of things is the teleological—that which sees in the humble beginning the germ of a great future—and not the view which refuses to man and conscience their proper names because there may have been a time when they were far removed from their present stage of development.

As for the startlingly inconsistent ways in which conscience vents itself in action, that only emphasizes the one underlying principle, the principle expressed in the words “I ought.” The subject matter of conscience and its practical range of influence may vary infinitely according to the surroundings, circumstances, and moral attainment of its particular possessor, and it is on this side that we speak of conscience as capable of education and enlightenment; but the form of conscience remains constant. It may be stronger or weaker according to the measure of its use, but it remains in essence ever the same; a principle of moral constraint, recognizing in extreme cases no human tribunal whatever—not even the expressed will or the obvious immediate interest of society in general, and witnessing to an obligation that can only have reference to a Universal Moral Ruler and Lawgiver, whose will is regarded as at once morally perfect and absolutely without appeal.

Whatever, then, may be the history of the evolution of conscience, the testimony of man’s moral nature would seem to be

direct and unmistakable. It points to an Eternal Cause of the Universe and of mankind characterized not merely by creative power and wisdom, but also by moral holiness.

Is it corroborated by the testimony of history? for if the actual ordering of the world of mankind clearly contradicts the testimony of conscience, we may still be tempted to treat that testimony as illusory.

Bishop Butler has shown convincingly that though the government of the world represents a scheme imperfectly comprehensible to us, yet there exist quite undeniable marks of moral rule—tokens that the Power which guides the world is, in more modern phrase, something—not itself—which makes for righteousness. The rise and fall and the succession of empires; the advance and decadence of races, tribes, families; the fortunes of individual men—all these, while they present many puzzling and inexplicable features, about which we shall have more to say later on—bear witness on the whole to the righteousness of him who sits on the world's throne.

On the physical side of human nature, where we should expect things to work themselves out most mechanically, the moral law is perhaps most clearly vindicated. Immoral conduct produces its own punishment in so large a number of cases that sin and suffering have sometimes been regarded as simply and in every case, cause and effect. Experience teaches us, however—and the Bible teaches it too, in the Book of Job—that not all which we commonly regard as evil—all pain, suffering or material loss—is the direct consequence of moral wrong-doing in the individual who suffers. And Christ himself expressly discountenances this attribution of suffering to sin, as its necessary cause (Luke 13: 2, 3, 4). Indeed, suffering is not always an evil, as things are now, though we rightly look upon it as belonging to an imperfect state of existence. Sometimes it seems to be the consequence of virtue and intended to stimulate the aspiring soul to still higher ideals.

In history, the most striking picture of moral government is to be found in the fortunes of Israel. Here we are leaving Natural Religion and bordering upon Revelation. But if the Bible picture of Hebrew history be taken as substantially true, it will be found to supply a key to history in general, and to justify the believer's

conviction that Old Testament history differs from secular history not so much in its subject matter as its treatment—that it is unique not mainly because the Chosen People were uniquely nurtured, guided and disciplined, but because here alone the veil is lifted and the true issues of personal and national conduct are made plain as they appear to him whose hand has guided the history of mankind from its beginning until now. For this reason, in spite of our enormous advance in historical method, and of the advantage that comes from an indefinitely wider horizon, it may be boldly said that the historians of today can never hope to surpass or even to equal the fundamental grasp of truth achieved in the early and unscientific efforts of the inspired historians of Israel.

Revelation. “Natural Religion,” as it is called—*i. e.*, the witness of human nature to God—needs Revealed Religion to complete it. Man’s mind, dwelling on external nature, is led up to the thought of an immensely wise, mighty and beneficent Creator and Ruler. But there are many considerations which tend to depreciate the design-argument and rob it of its force. Man needs some direct assurance from outside the circle of his ordinary thought, to combat the problems raised by the presence of anomaly, failure, and waste, to say nothing of pain.

Again, man’s nature bears on it the impress of moral law, and would lead him up to belief in an all-holy Universal Lawgiver. Yet there is much in the facts of human society that would draw him in a quite opposite direction. No one can read the Psalms or the Book of Job, no one can face honestly the facts of human society around him today, without feeling something of the almost overwhelming difficulty that is involved in the spectacle of human wickedness, unpunished oppression, and unmerited suffering.

We need some more direct assurance than conscience itself can give us if we are to exclaim with real conviction:

God’s in his heaven;
All’s right with the world.

And it is natural to ask: If there be a God such as human nature seems to suggest or demand, could he not—would he not find some means of making himself known to his rational creatures?

The presupposition of the Bible is that he has found such means, and supplemented and completed Natural Religion by direct Revelation. This revelation is focussed in the divine-human figure of Jesus Christ, foretold and expected in the Old Testament, present to teach and work in the New, and ever abiding by his Spirit in the Church.

The fact of divine revelation is, of course, denied by Atheism: but apart from revelation altogether, Atheism is self-condemned by its presumption. To prove a negative is confessedly a difficult task in any field, and the Atheist claims to have proved it in the widest field of all—the Universe—and in face of the many-sided testimony of Nature and Human Nature. To be justified in a flat and categorical denial of the existence of a deity I must be furnished with a full knowledge of the universe both as a whole and in its details, so as to be competent to declare that nowhere in all the realm of things existing is there any trace of evidence which might even probably tell in favor of Theism. None but a mind practically infinite, omnipresent, and all-knowing could compass this. And so it might be suggested that the Atheist really claims for himself the divine qualities and attributes of which he denies the existence in a God.

Another line of thought antagonistic to revelation goes by the name of Agnosticism. It dwells on the obvious limitations of our mental powers, which find themselves baffled in every department when they attempt to pass beyond a certain point; and says that the circumscribed human mind, excellent as it is in its own sphere, can never hope to comprehend the Infinite, the Absolute. "The Power," it says, "which the universe manifests to us, is inscrutable." It dwells also on the difficulties and anomalies in nature; on the darker side of evolution—its aspect of failure, struggle and decay; on the darker side of human nature—the presence of evil, especially of moral evil, in the world; and says these so far balance the tokens of goodness observable, that we cannot be sure, if there be a government of the world, whether it is one that really "makes for righteousness."

There is considerable justification for the emphasis laid by Agnosticism on these two factors in human life; but it is just in regard to them that Revelation is our greatest help. The prob-

lem of evil scarcely falls to be discussed here; but it may be remarked that, while a very real and pressing problem, it can be seen, in the light of Revelation, to be no insuperable obstacle to faith. With regard to the other point, the inadequacy of our faculties, it may be said at once that Natural Religion does fall short of certainty and completeness, and that this is fully admitted in the Bible. There is a sense in which the God of the Bible is "incomprehensible," "inscrutable." He is as high above man in his ways and thoughts as heaven is above earth (Isaiah 55: 9). His essential inaccessibility is expressed as a "dwelling in the thick darkness" (1 K. 8: 12), or in "light inapproachable" (I Tim. 6: 16). "No man hath seen God at any time" . . . (John 1: 18). "No man knoweth who the Father is save the Son" (Luke 10: 22). Again, man as we know him is, of himself, utterly incapable of any true knowledge of God: the natural man is incapable of discerning the things of the Spirit (I Cor. 2: 14).

At the same time no duty is more persistently impressed on their hearers by the prophets than "to know the Lord." To its neglect are ascribed the woe and failures of the Chosen People (Isaiah 1: 3; 5: 13; Hos. 4: 6), and its presence is a guarantee of righteous conduct. In the New Testament the knowledge of the Father and the Son is identified with "everlasting life" (John 17: 3). What is the meaning of this apparent contradiction? Fallen man, though sin has blurred in him the image of his Creator, retains still the potentiality of that communion for which he was created; and though he cannot of his own initiative "by searching find out God" (Job 11: 7), he can still, by penitent co-operation with Divine grace, attain to a true knowledge of One who has been seeking him ever since the first days of alienation in Paradise (Gen. 3: 9), and has revealed himself to receptive hearts in times past "by divers portions and in divers manners" (Heb. 1: 1). In himself essentially inscrutable, God wills to be known with the knowledge of personal communion. He has given man the capacity for such communion, and though man has rejected him, God has devised means that his banished be not outcast from him (cp. 2 S 14: 14). The greatest prophet of the Old Testament portrays in wonderful words this paradox of divine condescension (Isa. 57: 15). The New Testament presents it to us in concrete form in the Messiah

on whom the wistful gaze of prophet and Psalmist had for centuries been fixed. Then was given once and for all a revelation of God and of man together in a single life.

The revelation of God in Jesus Christ has stood the test of many generations as corresponding to the highest aspirations and most urgent demands of human nature. Consideration of its characteristics shows it is just the revelation that man needs. On the one hand, it is a revelation of the character of Almighty God, as in the highest and supremest sense "our Father." On the other hand, it is a revelation of Ideal Manhood: the bewildered question of ages about the meaning, purpose, and destiny of the human life is cleared up in the New Testament. What he tells us, in the Sermon on the Mount and elsewhere, about our duty and our hopes in this life and beyond the grave—what he shows us in his own person of communion with the Heavenly Father, and successful resistance of temptation in the strength of that communion—what he shows us of absolute self-surrender, even to the point of death, of triumph through suffering, and of new life and glory after the grave—all these are essential parts of his Revelation. But the Revelation is no bare presentation of truth and of an ideal utterly inaccessible to weak and fallen man. Grace as well as Truth came by Jesus Christ (John 1: 17). And what differentiates this from all other so-called Revelation is that, while the ideal it holds up before man is uniquely lofty—nothing less than perfection (Mat. 5: 48)—it supplies at the same time the motive force necessary for arriving at the ideal.

The Revelation of Truth by itself might well generate despair. Its most characteristic effect has always been the production of a sense of sin: resulting from the felt contrast between the absolute holiness of Almighty God, required by him in man, and exhibited actually in the Man Christ Jesus, and the tale that conscience tells us of our own impurity and pollution. This terrible contrast—viewed in the light of God's revealed Love—would by itself produce an unspeakably bitter remorse; but that remorse is transformed into penitence by the further revelation of Grace—*i. e.*, of the means which Divine Love has devised for man's restoration. And so the sense of sin leads to "Conversion." In the Bible teaching about Atonement—culminating in the self-offering of

Christ—we see the true Representative of Mankind removing the barrier set up by sin, opening once more the avenue of access to God, and so rendering possible to man a sacramental sharing of the divine life and strength. Here find their satisfaction that instinct and yearning that led to the primitive institution of sacrifice, as old apparently and as universal as the human race. In the teaching about the Incarnation—"the Word made flesh"—the Son of God taking upon him not an isolated individual human personality, but our nature in a universal way, so as to become true representative man; we find the fulfilment of the true idea underlying those strange dreams, clothed often in unworthy guise, which find expression in the "Incarnation Myth" of Hindoo and other religions. While in the outcome of the Incarnation—the incorporation of human personalities one by one as members into the body of Christ, that incorporation which renders the atoning sacrifice effectual in each one—we see realized the ideal of the social instinct: all other social "membership" being but a poor metaphor beside the living membership in the Church, "which is His Body."

Finally, the Revelation in both its sides receives a magnificent corroboration, when we see the life of Christ reproduced really, if not completely, in the thousands of his followers who, conscious of their own shortcomings, have yet been able to say with lips and life at once, "I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me" (Gal. 2: 20). "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

[THE END.]

Facts.

The man who fell was climbing.

Good habits are not made on birthdays, nor Christian character at the New Year. The workshop of character is every-day life. The uneventful and commonplace hour is where the battle is lost or won.

An expert commission appointed by the government has reported that strong drink is responsible for ninety per cent of our crime and for most of our poverty, and that alcohol, instead of being necessary to life and comfort, is inimical to both.—*Farm Journal*.

Northern States Mission.

Under German E. Ellsworth, president, 149 South Paulina St., Chicago, Ill., this mission made a splendid record in 1909, in baptisms, in preaching the gospel, and in distributing the Book of Mormon.



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A Tribute.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Stand by, Old Time, with your measured tread and your shadowed wings
of gray,

For I, with my feeble pow'rs to do, would paint you anew today.

I would sweep from your true old visage the lowering man-made
guise.

And make it kind as an angel's, with love in your old, dim eyes.

I would take from your knotted fingers the scythe with its blade all bare,
And cast it back to the idle hands that placed its cold gleam there.

I would take from your hold the wheels of war whose clangings never
cease,

And plant in its stead the scrolls of light, and the olive branch of peace.

Benign Old Friend, with your frost-hung wings and your grizzled strands
of hair—

'Tis men who wind up the wheels of strife and cast them everywhere.

From your sun-lit dial the years of life fall quietly down as dew,

And only the sons of earth fling forth the ruin ascribed to you.

The snows of age from your whitened hands heap silently year by year,
But men's deceits blanch the hairs of youth, in a single day of fear.

'Tis men who hew down the cities' pride that gladdens the lonely
plain,

Who pillage the holy templed heights, and scatter the altar flame.

'Tis men who stamp out the prints of art 'neath the engine wheels of
war,

Who hide in the marble dust of blight the flowers of golden lore;

Who plunge thro' the vestal halls of peace in the groves of Elysian
shade,

Who sow the tares of desolate waste where the fields of grain are laid.

'Tis men who dash, in their seething rage, at the steadfast forts of
truth,

Who batter the walls of sanctity, and sever the years of youth;

Who crush and blight, who fell and slay, with the scythe of their own
decline,

And, hiding their guilty hands, would stay thy holy advance, Old
Time!

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Peoples and Places in the Orient.

BY FRANK J. HEWLETT, DIRECTOR OF THE UTAH STATE FAIR AND
PRESIDENT OF HEWLETT BROS. COMPANY.

VII.—Nagasaki and the Inland Sea of Japan.

With the exception of a slight collision with a barge just outside of the harbor, the return voyage to Hongkong was delightful. Father Neptune was on his best behavior. It was amusing to hear some passengers relate some "tipping" experiences, on the other fellow. The habit is not as bad in Asia as in Europe, the tips, as a rule, are much smaller. The American tourists, however, have gained the reputation of rapidly spoiling the Asiatic servants. To the unsophisticated tourist the natives in the hotels, being dressed alike, on short acquaintance strikingly resemble each other.

A Yankee banker, noted for his generosity, after partaking of the last meal, jingled the silver in his pocket, which caused the Chinese waiter boy's stolid countenance to be wreathed in one huge smile.

"What is the largest tip you ever received?" asked the American.

"Twenty Mexee," replied China, still grinning.

The man of means handed him thirty Mex,—fifteen dollars—thinking to outdo the other fellow in generosity. The "tip" was accepted with a bow. As he was leaving the dining room, the American called him back and said,

"Who gave you the large tip?"

The almond-eyed boy looked at him curiously, and hesitated to answer.

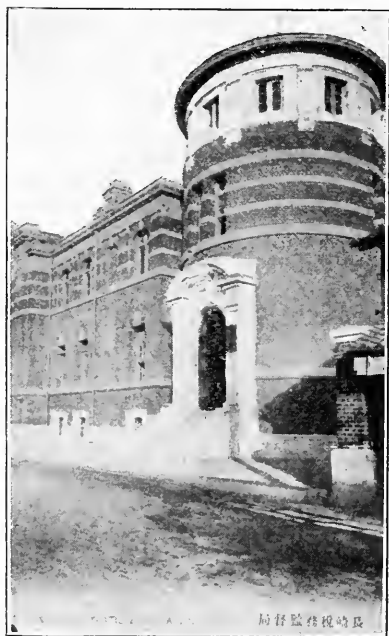
"Now, who was it?" in a sharp tone.

"You samee man, sir, when here last time."

Another one. An English business man, stopping at the King Edward Hotel, Hongkong, was so very economical with his tips that his friends delighted to jolly him, especially so, as, through a blunder, he had tipped the wrong coolies at Singapore. Entering

the lavatory, his glance caught a sign reading, "Please tip the washbowl." "Blarst it, if I do," said the irate Briton, leaving the room in a rage.

Once more we board the big mail ship with her bow pointed to the realm of the Mikado. Our first sight of Japan from the Western side is the Island of Goto, precipitous and craggy. As it fades in the distance, there rises, far away, the high and jagged coastlines of Japan. Skirting islets and fantastic pinnacles of rock, the vessel glides under a wild sky of violet and flaming orange, into the harbor of Nagasaki.



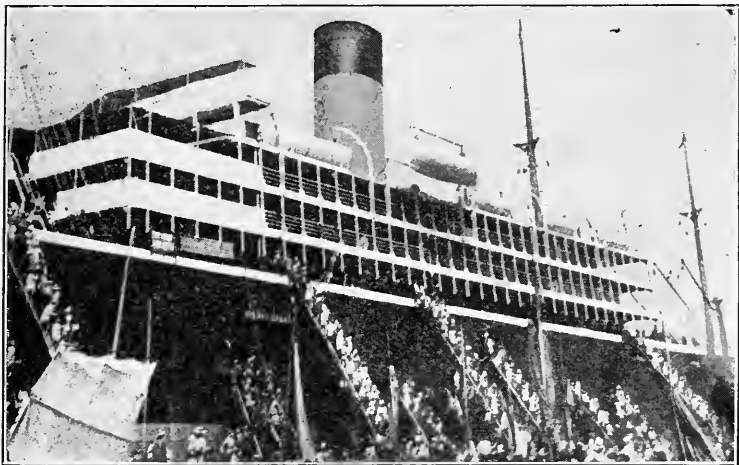
The Tax Administration Bureau, Nagasaki.

The harbor is a dream of loveliness, on this early morn-

ing in June. It is known everywhere as one of the most picturesque in the world. Green mountains, terraced and wooded to their very summits, have parted far enough to let an arm of the sea cleave its way inland. Chains of islands, with precipitous shores, guard the entrance of this haven of rest. The city of Nagasaki seems to have emerged from the ravines and spread itself out at the end of the inlet. Temples, tea-houses, and typical Japanese homes, with high, ivy-clad stone walls, formed a substantial background to the clean streets and lanes. Handsome

villas of foreign residents cling to the hillside, or dot the groves on the heights.

Nagasaki lost some commercial importance after the opening of the port of Kobe, which took the tea trade to the opposite side of the Inland Sea, around which cluster the great tea districts



JAPANESE WOMEN COALING A SHIP AT NAGASAKI.

of Japan. Its coal mines and immense dry docks make it a harbor which no ship passes without a call. The Takashima mines are only a few miles away. These furnish the only coal used by many of the big steamships. These vast coal deposits are owned by the Mitsu-Bishi Co., the Rockefellers of Japan. This company retained the coal properties when they sold their steamship line to the Japanese government. Considerable of the coal has been shipped to San Francisco with profit. Although soft and dirty, it is much inferior as fuel to the Australian and much of the American coal. The Mitsu-Bishi Company clear over a million dollars yearly from the mine. The deepest shaft is over three hundred feet. Barges carry the coal from the mouth of the shaft to the waiting ships in harbor. The coal is weighed as it goes aboard, and brings from two to four dollars a ton, according to quality.

Look at the string of barges coming toward the ship! They are drawn by puffing gasoline launches. Some are loaded with coal, others are covered with men, women and children. The barges are soon alongside and made fast to the big liner. The men and women are laughing and chatting like a lot of school children on a picnic. Rope ladders, with wooden steps, are quickly fastened on both sides of the ship. The women, many of them with babes strapped on their backs, take their places on the steps, forming a human elevator. The men remain in the barges to fill the half-bushel baskets with coal. The baskets are then tossed from one woman to the other, until they reach the hold of the ship. They worked like a colony of ants. In seven hours, three thousand tons of coal were safely loaded aboard, without an accident. When we returned, at dusk, the canvas had been removed,

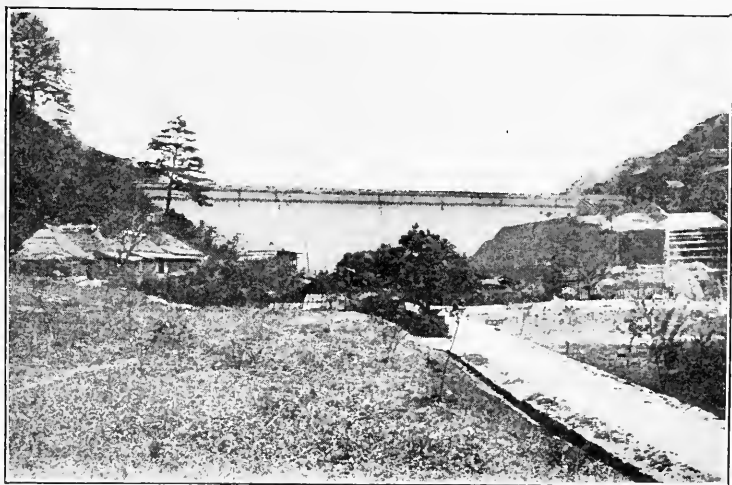


MARKET OF TSUKIMADIN AT NAGASAKI.

and the decks of the vessel carefully scrubbed. The men earn forty sen, twenty cents, and the women thirty sen, per day. We were told that the coaling station at Nagasaki is the only one in the world where ships are coaled without the aid of machinery.

Let us go ashore and view the reputed home of Madame

Butterfly. We will walk along the paths lined by moss, shrubs and flowers, so naturally painted by our American artists. A few minutes ride on the launch, and we are at the Hotobo, where are scores of Japanese jinrikisha-men waiting to receive us. The purser informs us that the coolies of Nagasaki are the most ignorant and the boldest in the empire. Every few days the little brown policemen beat them with the flat side of their swords, to teach them to remember for a brief period the need of being civil to strangers. We are surrounded by them. They are worse



VIEW OF HONGOCHI AT NAGASAKI.

than a bunch of San Francisco hack-drivers. Cries of rikisha, rikisha, English, English! greet our ears. We prefer to take a short walk first and a ride afterwards. Though they all pretend to have a perfect knowledge of the English language, not one of them seemed to have learned the meaning of the little word "no."

There is a good pavement leading to the shopping districts. Long, narrow, red banners, covered with Japanese characters abound everywhere. We happened to arrive on a day celebrated as the Feast of Buddah. Nagasaki is noted for its large tortoise-shell factories and shops. Here one can buy tortoise-shell combs, toys, miniature sampans and jinrikishas,—typical souvenirs.

Hundreds of merchants display, in their tiny shops, shells beautifully carved, artificial dragons, hideous idols, cups and bowls, both in china and lacquer, books, purses, pouches with knobs of carved ivory, sweets, cakes of all colors, and many-tailed fishes, in globes. There are lanterns plain, and lanterns painted, in every conceivable shape. One passes shops heaped high with china for common use, whose blues and whites make a picture of attraction, fruit-shops, where scores of kinds are stacked up in dainty piles, and mostly sold by the single piece. All tourists enjoy shopping in Japan. There is something fascinating about it that one cannot resist.

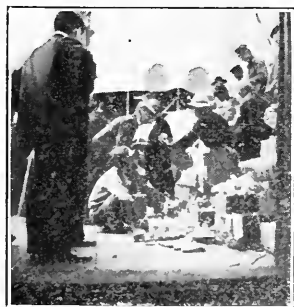


Photo by F. J. Hewlett.

Passengers dickering with native curio sellers on S. S. Korea.

Japanese clerks, whether male or female, are polite and patient. Half of the shops of Japan are regular "old curiosity shops." There are bronzed figures, curios, all kinds of pictures, oil paintings and water colors, kimonos, fantastic scenes on shield and screen, swords and daggers that look to be a thousand years old. Clocks of all kinds abound, for the Japanese love plenty of time pieces, but very few of them keep correct time. We enter one of the largest shops and are met by the proprietor, who politely bows, leaves the room, but soon returns with cakes and tea on a dainty little tray. We point to a beautiful hammered brass vase. A price is asked; Oriental fashion, about one half of the price is offered. Much genial courtesy, bowing, smiles and compliments accompany the first half of the negotiation; but when both parties have reached the limit of their concessions, a stern war begins on the debated grounds. Every device is employed, groans, protests, anger, contempt, and several feigned departures, on the part of the purchaser. Finally one stretches and the other retracts his price until a common figure is reached; in truth, it is the one that should have been asked in the beginning. Then sweet peace once more prevails. The vendor assumes an air of one who has spent his last cent for the benefit of another, and is flushed with the joy

of his own excellence. We rise, amid many bows and cheerful *soyonarras*, good-byes, and depart bearing our treasure.

Our rikisha-boy takes the package, and stows it carefully away. We are now ready to saunter once more. Japan is



Fishing Boat, Inland Sea of Japan.

thronging around us most of the time. Babies in orange, red, green and purple dress, play about the narrow streets. They are strapped to their brothers' or sisters' backs. In most cases it looks like a child carrying a child. Women of the lower class brown and tousled, with fat, red cheeks and almond eyes, go slowly about their market-

ing. Coolies and workmen amble up and down dressed in their tights, and doublets of blue, figured with white, fantastic characters. Ladies and gentlemen of the better class, dressed in their quiet gray or black kimonas, pass slowly by, while ladies of quality are borne through the crowd in their own handsomely carved jinrikishas.

The ride to Mogi is the star attraction of Nagasaki. It lies six miles distant. Being hilly, you need two boys, tandem fashion, to pull your rikisha. Mogi is a typical fishing village. The road thither is celebrated for fine scenery. We pass the famous Nagasaki reservoirs that supply the city with sparkling spring water. The terraced hills, on either side of the macadam road, are planted with tea, rice and vegetables. All is cultivated. The whole country is divided up into tiny farms, varying in size from patches not much bigger than a bed quilt to tracts of nearly an acre. No weeds are permitted to grow, the whole being as clean as an O. S. L. flower bed. There are no fences. As one goes along the side hills, they remind him of a big crazy quilt, made up of patches of many-colored crops, bound together with green grass, or a ridge of soil to denote the boundaries of each tiny farm. All is carefully watered, through an almost perfect system of irrigation.

Where the water does not flow by gravity, or the farmers are too poor to invest in a pumping-plant, it is carried by means of a stick across the shoulders, to each end of which is fastened a five gallon oil can. The Japanese farmers seldom live on their farms. They dwell in little villages located at a distance of every mile or so, and live in wooden houses thatched with rice straw. The



Passengers Viewing the Charms of the
Inland Sea.

father, mother, brothers and sisters all work in harmony together in the fields. With them, work seems a pleasure. You can see them chatting and laughing together, as they toil from dawn to dark.

We passed an old lady who must have been between seventy and eighty years of age. Her head had been shaved clean as a babe's, and was now protected by a paper parasol. With bamboo staff in hand, she was bravely

trudging along the road to Mogi. We arrived at Mogi just in time for a nice fish-tiffin. After a rest, we went for a walk along a narrow path that led around the hill to the ocean. Just ahead of us was the same aged woman. We followed until she stopped in front of a plain temple in a small grove of trees. She entered. At either side of the door was a square box, with narrow slats across the top. From a pocket in the sleeve of her kimono she took a handful of rice and gently dropped it into the box. From the pocket in the other sleeve she took a copper coin which she deposited in the receptacle opposite. The devout soul then proceeded to a hideously carved image at the rear end of the temple. Clapping her hands three times, she held them up as if in supplication, and mumbled a prayer to her God. This was repeated a second time. What she said we could not understand, but if sincerity, patience, and hard toil are to be rewarded, surely she is entitled to the blessing.

Once more we board our ship which soon gently churns her way through the beautiful inland sea of Japan. This land-locked

Japanese water is a broad lake over two hundred miles long, filled with islands and sheltered by uneven shores, the jagged mountains of intense green, nowhere become wild enough to disturb the green-like color. The sea's verdant islands lie in groups. The channel is always broad and plain. All the shallow places are marked with buoys, but it is a difficult task for the pilot to steer the liner and at the same time keep clear of the hundreds of fishing boats. Besides the danger to life, there is a heavy fine imposed for running down one of these boats.

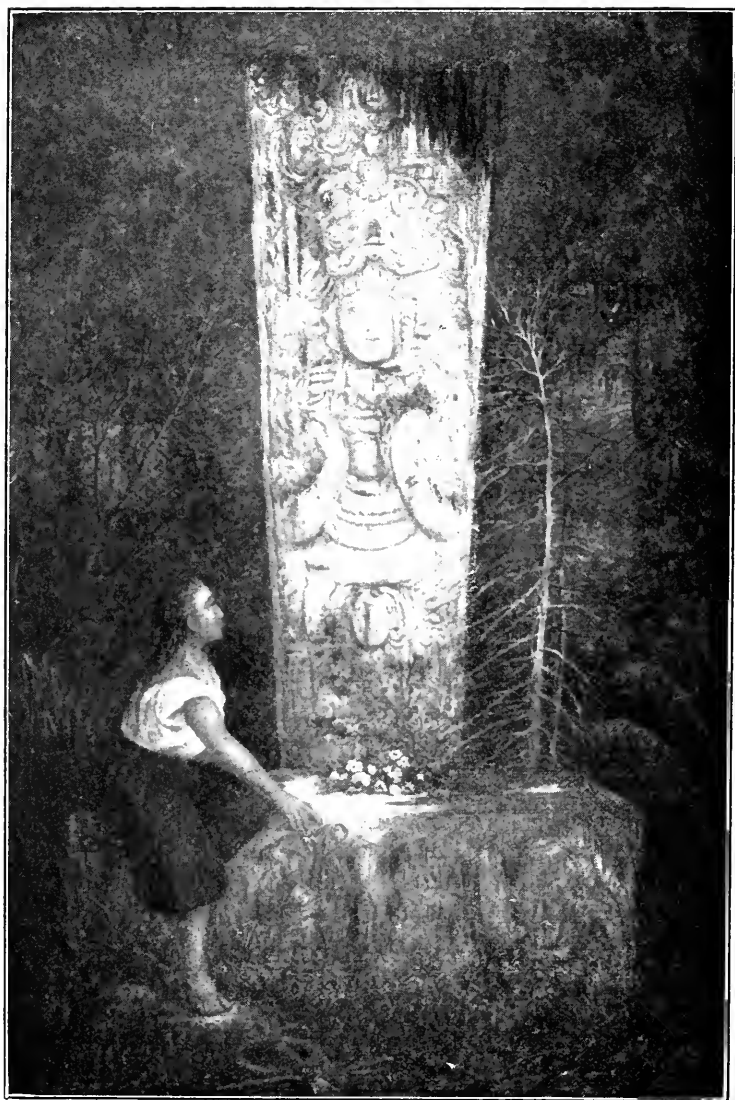


Island in the Inland Sea of Japan.

The day is beautiful. The passengers are all on deck with their kodaks taking pictures of one of the most picturesque and delightful spots in the world. We seemed to be gliding by enchanted islands. Light-houses, perched on the highest points, flashed brilliant, revolving lights, to guide the faithful pilot after dark. Along the shores are chains of villages, protected by stone sea-walls, with castles and temples rising above the clustered roofs, or peeping from wooded slopes. Huge stone lanterns marked the way to the temple groves. Cemeteries were there with ancient Buddahs of granite and bronze to attest that they are centuries old. Junks and sampans lie anchored in fleets, or creep idly across the waters, and small coasting steamers thread their way in and out among the islands. At Shimonsiki the Inland Sea ends, and ships pass out by the narrowest of the channels—one that boils with rips and cross-currents.

Bright and early next morning we arrive at Kobe, the second important seaport of Japan. It has been open to foreign trade since 1868. It is the capital of the Hyogo prefecture, has 285,000 inhabitants, and is one of the live trade-centers of the empire. There are many pretty walks in the neighborhood, and among the hills. The Nunobiki Falls and their picturesque surroundings are well worth seeing. On the side of one of the largest hills, an immense, green anchor, made from shrubs, dotted with flowers, attracts the eye, as you sail into the magnificent harbor.

Nagasaki, Japan.



QUIEN SABE? "WHO KNOWS?"

From a Painting by George M. Ottinger.

QUIEN SABE?—"WHO KNOWS?"

In the western part of Honduras, Central America, shrouded in an immense forest, and in dark and impenetrable mystery, slumbers the ruins of an ancient city, to modern antiquarians and travelers known as Copan.

Next to the crumbling temple in importance, or perhaps before it, as an indication of the artistic skill of its builders, are the carved statues or obelisks, remarkable for their size and well-executed sculpture. The sides and backs are covered with hieroglyphics, arranged in square tablets which probably contain the names, titles, and perhaps history of the beings whose images in stone they serve to decorate. Standing in front of some of the statues are found sculptural blocks of stone.

The obelisk represented in the painting stands in the court of the temple. In appearance and in character, it is tasteful and pleasing. It represents a queen who, ages ago, by virtue and good deeds, endeared her memory in the hearts of her subjects. As the years rolled on, their love became worship. Christianized as the nations of Honduras of the present day are presumed to be, they still cling and secretly pay reverence to their sacred statues.

A young girl, her water jar and bundle of fagots at her feet, has placed her floral offering on the altar, on which she reclines, gazing up at the mute stone face, and—Who Knows? She may be a lineal descendant of this deified queen. Time and its vicissitudes have robbed her of royalty, and left her a poor "hewer of wood and carrier of water"—who knows? who knows?

George M. Ottinger.

The Crown of Individuality.*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

IV.—Facing the Mistakes of Life.

There are only two classes of people who never make mistakes,—they are the dead and the unborn. Mistakes are the inevitable accompaniment of the greatest gift given to man,—individual freedom of action. If he were only a pawn in the fingers of Omnipotence, with no self-moving power, man would never make a mistake, but his very immunity would degrade him to the ranks of the lower animals and the plants. An oyster never makes a mistake,—it has not the mind that would permit it to forsake an instinct.

Let us be glad of the dignity of our privilege to make mistakes, glad of the wisdom that enables us to recognize them, glad of the power that permits us to turn their light as a glowing illumination along the pathway of our future.

Mistakes are the growing pains of wisdom, the assessments we pay on our stock of experience, the raw material of error to be transformed into higher living. Without them there would be no individual growth, no progress, no conquest. Mistakes are the knots, the tangles, the broken threads, the dropped stitches in the web of our living. They are the misdeals in judgment, our unwise investment in morals, and profit and loss account of wisdom. They are the misleading by-paths from the straight road of truth—and truth in our highest living is but the accuracy of the soul.

Human fallibility, weakness, pettiness, folly and sin are all

* From *The Crown of Individuality*. Copyright, 1909, by Fleming H. Revell Company.

—mistakes. They are to be accepted as mortgages of error, to be redeemed by higher living. They should never be taken as justifying bankruptcy of effort. Even a great mistake is only an episode—never a whole life.

Life is simply time given to man to learn how to live. Mistakes are always part of learning. The real dignity of life consists in cultivating a fine attitude towards our own mistakes and those of others. It is the fine tolerance of a fine soul. Man becomes great, not through never making mistakes, but by profiting by those he does make; by being satisfied by a single rendition of a mistake, not encoring it into a continuous performance; by getting from it the honey of new, regenerating inspiration with no irritating sting of morbid regret; by building better today because of his poor yesterday; and by rising with renewed strength, finer purpose and freshened courage every time he falls.

In great chain factories power machines are specially built to test chains—to make them fail, to show their weakness, to reveal the mistakes of workmanship. Let us thank God when a mistake shows us the weak link in the chain of our living. It is a new revelation of how to live. It means the rich red blood of a new inspiration.

If we have made an error, done a wrong, been unjust to another or to ourselves, or, like the Pharisee, passed by some opportunity for good, we should have the courage to face our mistake squarely, to call it boldly by its right name, to acknowledge it frankly, and to put in no flimsy alibis of excuse to protect an anæmic self-esteem.

If we have been selfish, unselfishness should atone; if we have wronged, we should right; if we have hurt, we should heal; if we have taken unjustly, we should restore; if we have been unfair, we should become just. Regret without regeneration is—an emotional gold-brick. Every possible reparation should be made. If confession of regret for the wrong and for our inability to set it right be the maximum of our power, let us at least do that. A quick atonement sometimes almost effaces the memory. If foolish pride stands in our way we are aggravating the first mistake by a new one. Some people's mistakes are never born singly—they come in litters

Those who waken to the realization of their wrong act, weeks, months or years later, sometimes feel it is better to let confession or reparation lapse, that it is too late to open a closed account; but men rarely feel deeply wounded if asked to accept payment on an old promissory note—outlawed for years.

Some people like to wander in the cemetery of their past errors, to reread the old epitaphs and to spend hours in mourning over the grave of a wrong. This new mistake does not antidote the old one. The remorse that paralyzes hope, corrodes purpose, and deadens energy is not moral health, it is—an indigestion of the soul that cannot assimilate an act. It is selfish, cowardly surrender to the dominance of the past. It is lost motion in morals; it does no good to the individual, to the injured, to others, or to the world. If the past be unworthy, live it down; if it be worthy live up to it and—surpass it.

Omnipotence cannot change the past, so why should *we* try? Our duty is to compel that past to vitalize our future with new courage and purpose, making it a larger, greater future than would have been possible without the past that has so grieved us. If we can get real, fine, appetizing dividends from our mistakes they prove themselves not losses but—wise investments. They seem like old mining shares, laid aside in the lavender of memory of our optimism and now, by some sudden change in the market of speculation, proved to be of real value.

Realizing mistakes is good; realizing on them is better. When a captain finds his vessel is out of the right channel, carried, by negligence, by adverse winds or by blundering through a fog, from the true course, he wastes no time in bemoaning his mistake, but at the first sunburst takes new bearings, changes his course, steers bravely towards his harbor with renewed courage to make up the time he has lost. The mistake means—increased care and greater speed.

Musing over the dreams of youth, the golden hopes that have not blossomed into deeds, is a dangerous mental dissipation. In very small doses it may stimulate; in large ones it weakens effort. It over-emphasizes the past at the expense of the present; it adds weights, not wings, to purpose. “It might have been” is the lullaby of regret with which man often puts to sleep the mighty

courage and confidence that should inspire him. We do not need narcotics in life so much as we need tonics. We may try sometimes, sadly and speculatively, to reconstruct our life from some date in the past when we might have taken a different course. We build on a dead "if." This is the most unwise brand of air-castle.

We go back in memory to some fork in the road in life, and think what would have happened, and how wondrously better it would have been had we taken the other turning of the road. "If we had learned some other business;" "If we had gone West in 1884;" "If we had married the other one;" "If we had bought telephone stock when it was at 35;" "If we had taken a different course in education;" "If we had only spent certain money in some other way,"—and so we run uselessly our empty train of thought over these slippery "ifs."

Even if these courses might have been wiser, and we do not really know, it is now as impossible to change back to them as for the human race to go back to the original bit of protoplasm from which science declares we are evolved. The past does not belong to us to change or to modify; it is only the golden present that is ours to make as we would wish. The present is raw material; the past is finished product,—finished forever for good or ill. No regret will ever enable us to relieve it.

The other road always looks attractive. Distant sails are always white, far-off hills always green. It may perhaps have been the poorer road after all, could our imagination, through some magic, see with perfect vision the finality of its possibility. The other road might have meant wealth, but less happiness; fame might have charmed our ears with the sweet music of praise, but the little hand of love that rests so trustingly in ours might have been denied us. Death itself might have come earlier to us, or his touch have stilled the beatings of a heart we hold dearer than our own. What the other road might have meant no eternity of conjecture could ever reveal; no omnipotence could enable us now to walk therein even if we wished.

We cannot re-live our old mistakes, but we can make them the means of future immunity from the folly that caused them. If we were impatient yesterday, it should inspire us to be patient today.

Yesterday's anger may be the seed of today's sweetness. Today's kindness should be the form assumed by our regret at yesterday's cruelty. Our unfairness to one may open our eyes to the possibility of greater fairness to hundreds. Injustice to one that may seem to have cost us much may really have cost us little if it make us more kind, tender, and thoughtful for long years.

It is a greater mistake to err in purpose, in aim, in principle, than in our method of attaining them. The method may readily be modified; to change the purpose may upset the whole plan of our life. It is easier in mid-ocean to vary the course of the ship than to change the cargo.

Right principles are vital and primary. They bring the maximum of profit from mistakes, reduce the loss to a minimum. False pride perpetuates our mistakes, deters us from confessing them, debars us from repairing them.

Man's attitude towards his mistakes is various and peculiar; some do not see them, some will not see them; some see without changing; some see and deplore, but keep on. Some make the same mistakes over and over again, in principle not in form; some blame others for their own mistakes; some condemn others for mistakes, seemingly unconscious that they themselves are committing similar ones; some excuse their mistakes by saying that others do the same things, as though a disease were less dangerous when it becomes—epidemic in a community.

Failure does not necessarily imply a mistake. If we have held our standard high, bravely fought a good fight for the right, held our part courageously against heavy opposition and have finally seen the citadel of our great hope taken by superior force, by overwhelming conditions, or sapped and undermined by jealousy, envy or treachery we have met with failure, it is true, but—we have not made a mistake.

The world may condemn us for this non-success. What does the silly, babbling, unthinking world, that has not seen our heroic efforts know about it? What does it matter what the world thinks, or says, if we know we have done our best? Sometimes men fail nobly because they have the courage to forego triumph at the cost of character, honor, truth and justice.

Let us never accept mistakes as final; let us organize victory

out of the broken ranks of failure, and, despite all odds, fight on calmly, courageously, unflinchingly, serenely confident that, in the end, right living and right doing—must triumph.

(The next article in this series, "The Sculptural Figures of Society," will appear in the March number of the ERA.)

Uncle Hiram on City Life.

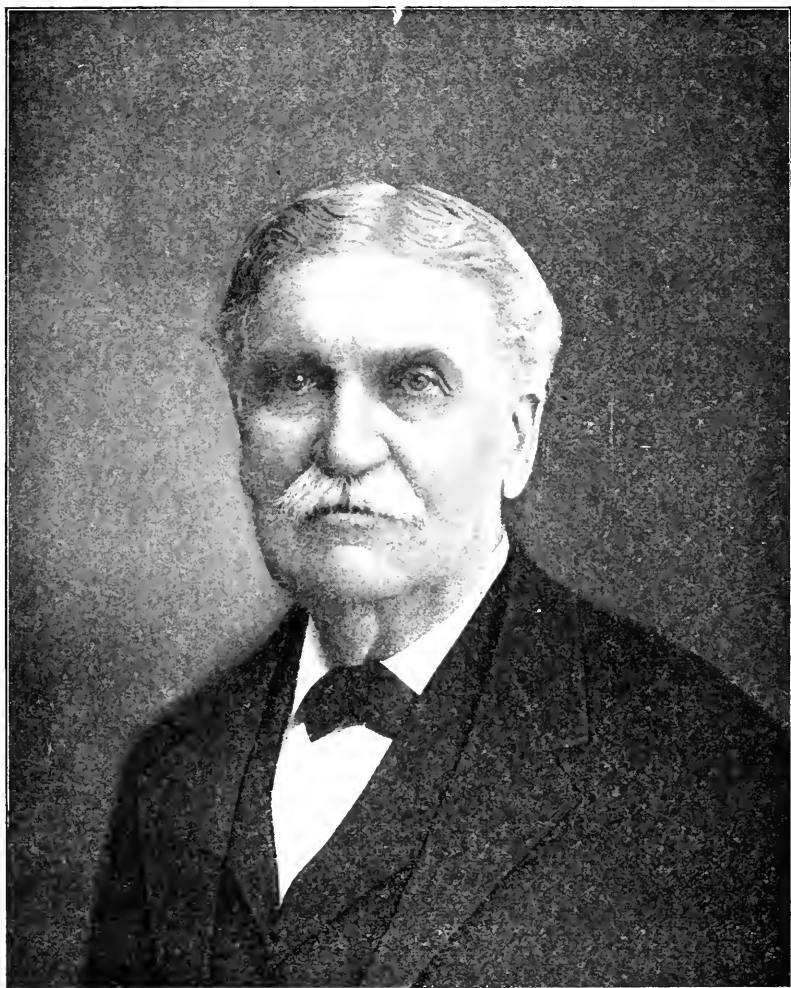
Yes, it's lively in the city where they've got their 'lectric lights,
And the people soon have wrinkles from their stayin' out o' nights;
They've got shows and things to keep 'em from a-gittin' lonesome there,
And they look all-fired stylish in the costly clo's they wear;
But I guess they have their troubles just the same as me and you,
And I reckon that they're often ruther worse'n ours, too.

We've got wood piled in the woodshed that'll last a year er so,
And there's more out where that come from and more saplin's still to grow;
We ain't worried over coal strikes, let the cold winds blow away,
We can carry in the billets and not have a cent to pay;
While they're shiverin' up yonder where they've got so much to see,
We can heat up fer the babies that the Lord sent you and me.

There is always somethin' doin' to make city people sad;
If it ain't a sausage famine, why you'll hear the water's bad;
When the strikers stop the street cars then the mischief is to pay,
And the people have to foot it, gettin' clubbed along the way;
And the fever epidemics and the small-pox every year
Keep the city people stewin', and I'm glad to live out here.

Oh, it's quiet in the country and there's few uncommon sights,
And God's moon and stars up yonder have to do for 'lectric lights;
But with 'taters in the cellar and with wood piled in the shed,
When there's hay stacked in the hay-mows for the stock that must be fed,
They can have their noisy city, with the sights up there to see,
And the kind old quiet country will be good enough for me.

—S. E. KISER, in Chicago *Record-Herald*.



SAMUEL W. RICHARDS.

Born, Richmond, Berkshire Co., Mass., August 19, 1824; died, Salt Lake City, Utah, November 26, 1909. He was the son of Phineas Richards and Wealthy Dewey, and a brother of Franklin D. Richards. Few men have had a more varied experience in Church work, pioneering, writing, legislating, temple and missionary work, than Elder Richards. He joined the Church in 1838. His life was as long and useful as his service to the Church was zealous and true. A genial disposition, a high character and an unfaltering faith distinguished his career.

Shipton Castle.

BY RICHARD W. YOUNG, JR.

Methinks I hear the sound of time long passed
Still murmuring o'er us, in the lofty void
Of these dark arches, like the lingering voices
Of those who long within their graves have slept.

Orra, A Tragedy.

The poet has expressed the sentiments of the lover of English history in the following lines:

I do love these ancient ruins,
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverent history.

I believe that every person, no matter how slightly conversant he may be with historical events and personages, has experienced the quickening of the pulse and the fevered gallop of the imagination when he first treads upon some spot inseparably connected with ancient history. His soul and finer sensibilities must be calloused if such were not the case.

There are many spots in England in connection with which history has been made, but I am inclined to an honest belief that there are but few which have had as conspicuous and glorious a connection as has Shipton Castle, situated in Yorkshire. But in order to appreciate it to the highest degree, an acquaintance with the history surrounding it is *a priori* necessary.

In the great Domesday Book, a general survey and census of England, ordered by William the Conqueror, that he might have a knowledge of the country which he had subjugated, is a detailed mention of the country around Shipton, and entitled there Terra

Regis, or King's Land. Subsequently the Conqueror bestowed this particular part of his domain upon Robert de Romillie, one of his noblemen. The land thus given to Romillie was in utter waste and desolation, having been burned and scourged by the Danes. Romillie, on taking possession, began the work of rejuvenation by moving in tenants, and to protect them began the erection of Shipton castle. The castle was partially destroyed by the Scotch in 1138, but as Hobbished, the chronicler, tells us, was rebuilt in 1179. Through intermarriage, it and the surrounding feudatory holdings passed into the hands of the Earl of Albemarle and from his line, by marriage to the Plantagenet family, into the hands of the crown as Terra Regis. The royal family continued in possession until Edward II bestowed it upon Robert de Clifford, the head of the noble Clifford family, and in whose possession it became one of the prominent knightly seats in England.

The Clifford family was, from all we can learn from history, a most prominent and distinguished one. Robert, the first owner, was one of the four guardians of Edward the Second's son and heir, and was, during his later years, Admiral of England. He enlarged the old castle of Romillie, and strengthened it as a place of power. The de Cliffords remained in possession for some three hundred and thirty-two years, subjected to one or two of the vicissitudes of fortune which followed as the results of their monarchs' changeable and fickle natures. Through these long years the family plays an unfortunate part in the making of English history. One of them followed the banner of St. George in France, and did his monarch invaluable service at Orecy and Poitiers. Others of the family fulfilled important embassies abroad; one was the boon companion of Richard II, and still another of Henry VIII.

Around the castle were fought many of the battles of the Wars of the Roses, when England was turned into a scene of carnage and baptized in blood, that the ambitions of men might be gratified. The army of Parliament, under the command of General Lambert, camped before its walls for three years, while the finest artillery of the kingdom hurled its tons of lead against the solid masonry. But from 1643 to 1645 it withstood the assaults of Cromwell's Roundheads and were it not for the indom-

itable perseverance of the Old Commoner and his army, the Lord of Shipton might have successfully cried:

Hang out the banners on the outward walls,
The cry is still "They come;" our castle's strength
Will laugh a seige to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine and ague eat them up.

But it finally succumbed, the last of the nobles' castles to bow in subjection to the humbler of England's nobility.

The male line of the Cliffords died out in 1643, while the castle was under siege, and the family seat came into possession of Anne, Duchess of Pembroke. Under the management of this woman the damage done by Cromwell's army was repaired and the castle finished, as it stands today, in 1658. From 1658 to the present, it has degenerated from one of the important feudal seats of England, to the occasional retreat of its present owner, Lord Hotchfield.

Now to the castle itself. A guide admitted us through a small man-door in the fourteen-foot oaken and iron-bound doors set between two bastions of massive build. Passing through a corridor opening into rooms on either side, where in olden days the gatekeeper and men at arms lodged, and through a second gateway, we entered the outside courtyard, now kept in grass and flowers, but in days of yore used as foresting grounds and for the assembling of the sortie party.

We followed the guide through a grove of yew trees, past the outstanding buildings, where once the porter and under-servants lived, up a flight of stone steps which were hollowed and worn by the tread of many generations, and into the dark, narrow entrance leading into the interior courtyard. This is the old, original part of the castle which had been built during the time of the Conqueror. The walls were moss-covered and crumbling, and the flag-stones worn. Leading from this small entrance was a low, wide door set in a triple Norman arch. The solid oaken door, now in the stages of decay, has swung open to many an imposing pageant of Norman and English chivalry. It had withstood the assaults of Scottish marauders and had been battered by the soldiers of Parliament. Through it the knights had passed in the

splendor of new and shining armor to engage in the wars, and through them they had victoriously returned, their armor battered and stained, or probably they, themselves, stretched upon the shield which had not parried in time the fatal blow.

We passed through the old arch and entered the interior courtyard, said to be one of the most perfect of its type extant. It was a masterpiece of architectural design, built in the Norman style, with the dainty and exquisite windows of the later Elizabethan architecture admitting light into the interior living apartments. In the center rose a hoary old yew tree, whose age went back five hundred years, and whose branches, forming a shelter to the otherwise open courtyard, made it into a perfect bower. Its massive trunk was moss-covered and gnarled, and it reared its majestic head in regal splendor above the walls of its prison—the silent sentinel of what now remains of bygone power and magnificence.

Seven doors on the ground floor opened into the various apartments, while an eighth, approached by an artistic flight of steps, led us into the banqueting apartment on the second floor.

The hall would seat probably seventy-five or a hundred banqueters. Its pristine significance had been obliterated to a great extent by the ruthless touch of the modern architect, who had transformed it into a room where the present tenants of Lord Hotchfield partake of his Yuletide bounty. To admit more light, a skylight had been cut in the roof, and the walls had been plastered recently, but notwithstanding the modern improvement, the ghosts of the old revelers still haunted the place, and the walls seemed to give back the bacchanalian shouts and rancorous laughter of the earls and their men, as they carved the roasted ox, quaffed the Rhenish wines and retold the adventures of the late war.

The kitchen lay immediately behind, and was a spacious room. From here issued the dishes that delighted the epicurean tastes of the lordly owners. An open fireplace, nine feet in length, flanked one end, and was used to roast the ox, served whole on state occasions. Opposite were the bake ovens, capacious openings in the wall. The process of baking was unique in those days. The stones of the oven were heated by burning fagots, the fagots then removed, and the dough placed in the oven was baked by the heat exhaled by the heated stones. The bread thus baked was

delicious—browned to a nicety, and the crust as tender as the inside of the loaf.

Leading into the kitchens were the larders, large and roomy, as they needs must have been in those days to hold supplies for the hundreds of retainers necessary to maintain the dignity of one of the first families of the realm.

We retraced our steps through the banquet hall into the drawing room, whose walls were wont to be covered with rare tapestries from Brussels and Spain, and the oaken floors with the soft carpets of the East. It was a low, dark room, with its only daylight coming through the small windows opening to the north and allowing vision of the heavy woods surrounding the river which flowed at the foot of the embattlements some hundred feet below.

We entered the guard room, a semi-circular apartment in the top of the round tower. Modern architecture had robbed this room of some of its original interest in transforming many of the opening, cross-shaped slits into windows to admit light. But there still remained one or two of the original openings, a yard in length and a few inches in width, through which the archer's shot their death bolts.

A winding stairway led us to the ramparts, and a glorious view burst upon us as we emerged. To the south, and at the foot of the castle, lay the town of Shipton, huddling like a frightened hound at its master's feet. Beyond ran the silvery Aire, winding in and out, here reflecting the sunlight in dazzling splendor, and there losing itself in the heavy woods, from which in past times predatory bands of robbers, the Robin Hoods of the north, issued to terrorize the villagers and at times try a daring assault upon the castle itself.

The first builder of the castle had selected its position with an engineering foresight which was admirable. Its base was solid rock. On the northern side was a drop of eighty feet to a river which was utilized as a natural moat. No access by human means was possible from this side. To the east, south, and west, the ground sloped, in some places precipitately, in others gradually. There were no woods within a radius of several hundred yards to obstruct the view, and an opposing army could well nigh be annihilated before it reached the walls of the castle. It seemed to be im-

pregnable, and was considered one of the strongholds of England.

From the sunlight and freedom of the open air we descended winding turret stairs, passed through dark and foul smelling corridors, emerged once again into the courtyard, only to enter again a doorway leading into a passage where no light was admitted but through the door itself. We passed through a second doorway, the walls of which were six feet in thickness, then descended a narrow, cramped stairway, whose low roof of jagged stone forced us to bend. We reached a small landing, turned and entered a room, or better a hole, in the pitchy blackness of which the small, flickering lamp of the guide was of but little use. This was the dungeon. It measured nine by eighteen feet and the floor was the cold country rock. The atmosphere smelled earthy and damp. It was below the river, and the moisture seeped through the rock and stood in glistening beads on the walls. The light was extinguished to give us an idea of the terrors of the place, and in spite of the presence of others, one shivered in appreciation of its awfulness. The darkness felt heavy, as if it were closing around in suffocating folds. The over-wrought imagination heard the dull clanking of chains, the moans and prayers of some unfortunate wretch, or the imbecile ravings of a madman, driven mad by the terrors of the blackness preying upon him.

The story goes that the intriguante, the fascinating and beautiful Mary, Queen of Scots, was imprisoned in this foul hole for three days and nights, but history fails to authenticate the tale.

Again, it is said that the dungeon was no dungeon, but merely a wine cellar. But historical evidence and the opinions of authorities point the other way. We are prone to cling to the romantic, and while the question may admit of a doubt, we still instinctively refuse to uproot the romantic sympathies which demand that every old castle shall have its "dungeon keeps and loophole grates where captives weep."

Such, in brief, is the old castle of Shipton, as it stands today—a relic of past ages, and a center round which brewed some of the events which have made the English speaking race today the most enlightened and cultured and the finest governed people on the face of the earth.

Nelson, England.

The “Golden Bible.”

BY S. A. KENNER.

II.

The rest of the quotations following that considered, and which are thrown in as a kind of explanation of his first assertion, in order to be fair, are of a piece with it. Unquestionably the gentleman is a better judge of human work than of divine work. There is no denial of the fact that the Book of Mormon was brought forth by human agencies, and thereby the human stamp must in corresponding measure be upon it. He is also on safe ground regarding rainbow tints and the Lord's discourses, the relevancy of which matter might but will not be questioned. He will merely be asked to consider whether or not all the painting accomplished by Divinity is rainbow tinted, or all the verbal emanations from that source were soothing to the ears of those who heard them. How about the thunder clouds which precede the rainbow, darken the landscape and diffuse gloom among the people? What of lightning, which is so glowingly, flashily colored that mortality cannot imitate it, and which strikes without warning, leaving death and destruction in its field of operations? Do not these come from the same hand as that which imparted the beautiful and hope-inspiring hues to the rainbow, and even painted the modest lilies of the field? Nothing in the way of language could be more full of native grandeur and wise admonition than the sayings of the Master to those he sought and died to save; but his words sometimes were terrible to evil-doers, and none of these were considered more evil than those who used his name without reverence or took it upon themselves to say where he was

or where he was not without having knowledge and authority thereto, an offense which Mr. Lamb, as shown above, has come painfully close to sharing in.

The "Golden" writer, however, does not even remotely approach the "top blossom and culmination" of irreverent and inconsiderate reference to Deity in any of the language previously referred to when the same is compared with what follows. Before reading it the reader will please remember that the author of it is professedly a man who lives in both fear and adoration of his Maker and who therefore presumably would not and could not speak to or of him in language other than that of devotion and reverence:

Does the Lord himself come out of this affair entirely unscathed? Either he made a mistake in the first instance and had to back out and do his work over again—or he *perpetrated a fraud* in the second case; a trick, a silly trick, that has not even the merit of being a sharp one, so "thin," in fact, that no special acuteness is needed to see through it.

This will be passed without comment. It is so shocking even to one who makes few professions of righteousness, that a feeling akin to guiltiness exists for having used it at all.

To what desperate resorts does the one who opposes just for opposition's sake sometimes betake himself! What frail fancies he weaves into showy fabrics having no substance or form, and what a flimsy, pointless affair is his polemical lance shown to be when once it is thrust against the shield of reason or the armor of truth! How lacking in system, devoid of consistency, and empty of substance is the whole of any extended "argument" like that of Mr. Lamb, which, even had he maintained his position and established every point for which he contends, would still have resulted in absolutely nothing that is beneficial or helpful to the human mind or soul. The labor of the iconoclast is generally futile enough and bad enough when it is conducted with skill and precision; but when it is merely an inartistically arranged collation of vapid denunciation, threadbare accusation, and jumbled buffoonery—neither satisfying, entertaining, nor instructive—it is intolerable, inexcusable, and altogether vile. If one had but the time and space, together with the inclination, a review seriatim of

such books as the "Golden Bible" would be a fine diversion for rainy days.

I could scarcely let this opportunity pass without a few words regarding Mr. Lamb's professions of friendly feeling for those whose religious convictions he so ruthlessly assails, disclaiming rancor, prejudice, and everything in that line. Reading these statements and what follows reminds me somewhat of an incident of the same kind occurring in the career of a certain Federal judge of Utah in the early days. A man was before him for sentence, and before pronouncing the formal decree of the court the judge took occasion to tell the prisoner that he was sorry for him—very sorry, indeed, his words of compassion being so pronounced that the convicted man no doubt began to entertain hopes that he would get off easy. But he didn't. He got very nearly if not quite the full measure of punishment permitted by the statute in such case made and provided. This gave rise to a question, that if the man got such a hard deal when the magistrate was sorry for him, what on earth would or could he have got if the judge had been hostile and unfeeling? Now, Mr. Lamb is evidently not a judge—not even of logic, literature or correct controversialism; but on the bench, imposing a penalty upon some one he didn't like because of differing opinions, he could certainly fill the bill in the manner and form last indicated to a nicety.

In the matter of physical demonstration and actual results, and without assuming to speak authoritatively, but rather as an observer who believes in a "square deal" to all, it is proper to say that the "Mormon" Church has accomplished such things in the way of subduing natural conditions and supplanting barrenness with fertility, dreariness with loveliness and savagery with civilization as no other church has ever attempted or perhaps ever thought of; and all of these achievements have been worked out by a people who must themselves have failed but for confidence in their leaders and faith in the work which they were led to perform. Those people and the leaders themselves were not engaged in speculative enterprises, or buoyed up by the hope of great worldly gain, otherwise their time, effort and talent might and doubtless would have been spent upon more inviting fields where the rewards would have been greater and not so far off. Un-

doubtedly they were animated and upheld by something above and beyond the contemplation of work done for its own sake alone, and we do not have to go far to find out what that something was, it being a reliance upon and the advocacy of a development of Christianity—a plan of salvation—partly yet largely disclosed by the very book which Rev. Lamb endeavors so strenuously to belittle and make of no avail. Judging a tree by its fruit ought to be considered a righteous judgment; therefore, as so much that is good and desirable and advantageous are shown as the fruits of the Book of Mormon, we are forced to the conclusion that the judge himself is unrighteous; a conclusion that occurs spontaneously without the slightest strain on the mental faculties.

There are other circumstances worthy of citation in the same line. The “Mormon” missionary, for instance, is rarely a graduate of a high institute of learning; while by no means uneducated or uninformed, he seldom carries a degree, and never one relating to the ecclesiastical department of a college or university. Religion with him is not a matter of secular training; it does not occur in his curriculum, and yet is a matter which enters into and forms a part of his daily life. Without making a business of it, or following it as a profession to acquire means, still religious thought, precept and practice are inseparable from his secular pursuits. His education in that behalf, while largely aided by books and instruction, is not wholly dependent upon either or both, but is derived largely from the faith that is in him and the soulful devoutness with which he walks in the path marked out by the Master. He receives no pay for such labors as he performs in the ministry, at home or abroad, in public or in private. He goes forth on an appointed errand to the peoples of the earth filled with his calling and realizing in every tissue of his mortal fibre the importance, the responsibility of his mission as an ambassador of the Most High. He stands up in public places, beset sometimes by riotous disturbers, scoffers and blackguards, is subjected to interruption, insult and occasionally violence, yet he maintains the dignity of his station and delivers his momentous message to the willing and the unwilling hearer. No amount of money that could be raised for such purpose would for a moment tempt him to endure some of the ordeals or undergo the hardships frequently attendant upon

the performance of his labors, while the honors are not of the kind that the people of the earth as a whole esteem or care to have. He tells them without hesitancy or fear that the testimony he bears is true and cannot be shaken by the machinations or perversions of man. Why? In order that those who hear him may be misled? That they may take upon themselves the vestments of a gospel which has no foundation but error and no outcome but deception? Would he dare to tell them how to test the Book of Mormon if he knew or even believed the test must fail?

The length of this article so far makes it necessary to come to an abrupt close. There are some other citations from the "Golden Bible" which might be used to advantage in this connection, but only two more will be referred to and briefly. Mr. Lamb says in the early part of his work that "the most serious objection to the Book of Mormon is that it undermines faith in the Word of God." As an admission of the tremendous and far-reaching potency of a volume which the reverend gentleman labors through several hundred pages to show is an empty imposture, a palpable fraud, an unskillful humbug, the foregoing assertion is one of the most singular in all his array of very singular expressions. It might be pronounced a solecism, only that something as near to fervor as cold type can convey seems to characterize the sentence, and make it to appear that he has given birth to one honest expression even though it be at the expense of all his other expressions. Of course the statement is a *non sequitur*, wholly fallacious, but that he meant it with all that it implies, is beyond a doubt—an involuntary and misleading but powerful tribute.

This chapter will conclude with what forms part of the other writer's beginning, and in this meeting of extremes we also are brought together and caused to agree for the first, last and only time. He says in his preface (speaking of his work), "there is no other book just like it." That is not to be denied. And to this self-evident and cheerfully conceded distinction, let us add the hope that it may endure so long as we endure at least.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

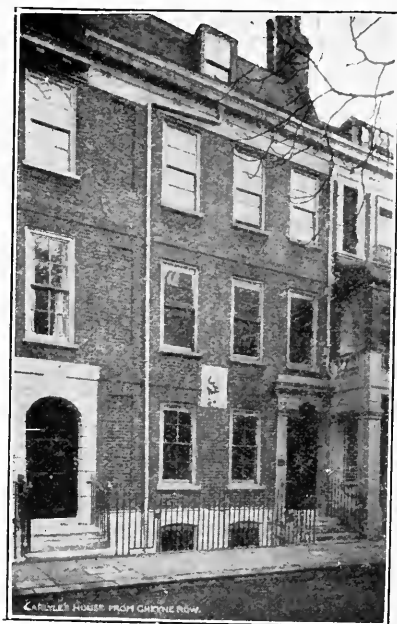
The Carlyles and their House at Chelsea.

BY FLORENCE L. LANCASTER.

I.

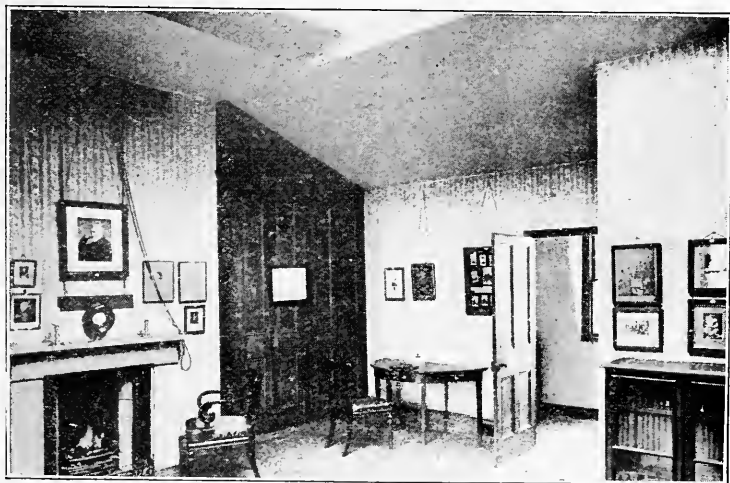
A plain, substantial dwelling in the Queen Ann style, with little to distinguish it from its neighbors, save that it lacks some touches of modern improvement proclaiming the latter still inhabit-

ed. But our eye falls on the mural portrait which marks the older-looking house, and we must needs pause in reverence, realizing as we tread the well-worn steps, in what manner the place is haunted. Here, in this unpretentious house, were written "glowingly, from the heart of a living man,"—Carlyle's own words as he handed his wife the completed manuscript of *The French Revolution*, books that will be hailed by thinkers while the English tongue endures. Here passed, with its travail, its pang of endurance, its potent integrity and achievement, the daily life of two of the most remark-



Carlyle's House, Chelsea, S. W.

able people in the annals of English literature. Everyone, perhaps, for whom the name Carlyle stands for anything, either has read, or intends to read, *Hero and Hero Worship* and *Sartor Resartus*. If our chief association with Jane Welsh Carlyle is in the relation in which she stood to the great man, her husband, how much of her distinctive personality is revealed—in a psychic sense, more or less tragic—in her *Memoirs*, or suggested in the single published poem by her, *To a Swallow Building Under Our Eaves*. Carlyle being inwardly one of the most sincere and outwardly one of the simplest of men, we cannot read a single page of *Hero Worship* without a vibrant realization of that truth-seeing mind and flaming heart. We cannot walk through these rooms, dismantled as they are now, but with several relics telling eloquently



CARLYLE'S HOUSE—THE GARRET STUDY, CHELSEA, S. W.

of their past uses, without gaining a more intimate sense of the personalities of the two who dwelt here for half their lives. It was in 1834, he being thirty-nine and she thirty-three, that Carlyle and his wife came to this house, eight years after their marriage. The house was therefore the home of Mrs. Carlyle for thirty-two years; of Carlyle, who remained through the sad eventide of bereft old age, for fifteen years longer.

It will perhaps be well to take a glance backward at the chief events of Carlyle's life prior to coming here. Also to consider some relative conditions in the tenor of a married life which, though not altogether happy, was not—in Carlyle's own sense that there is "something higher than happiness,"—essentially a failure in the sum of things.

Thomas Carlyle was born in a hamlet of rural Scotland, his ancestors being of the yeoman class. A picture of his early home suggests conditions where everything breathed a simple dignity and solid comfort, the result of daily toil; but without the superfluous touch of luxury. There are evidences that his parents, simple, too, and unpolished in exterior, were people of "character," imbued with the intense, stern religion of Calvin, and desiring to do the best they could for their children. To Carlyle, therefore, fell the heritage of sterling psychic qualities. Perhaps, too, he early felt a sense of responsibility in being the eldest of a family of nine. As was the case with a lad of another calibre, Shelly, when at Eton, the young Carlyle was persecuted by his school-fellows. Was it because in each of these boys was an intensity of temperament, a depth of thought, which his rough associates vaguely recognized but could not understand? This bully provoked in Thomas such a passionate outburst of resentment, that his mother made him promise "never to return a blow." At school, however, his aptitude for learning was such that his parents resolved to send him to Edinburgh University, and to have him trained for the ministry. So, his trials and achievements of childhood behind him, he set off for Edinburgh on foot, a distance of a hundred miles.

At the university he found himself among congenial companions, and he became the leading spirit of a circle who took "remarkable interest in literary matters." Launched upon the tide of young manhood, Carlyle found stormy waters and little plain sailing at first. Though at a probationary period on leaving college he preached what was pronounced as "a weak, flowery and sentimental sermon." Carlyle discovered in himself that his vocation was not for the ministry. Albeit, one has only to read Carlyle at almost any page to realize his essential religiousness of soul. "As soon as printing was discovered, books became the true

medium of the preacher," he says in his own way, in *Hero Worship*. On leaving college, therefore, he devoted his first energies to teaching, being fortunate enough to obtain a mathematical tutorship at a place called Annan. It was in the capacity of tutor that Carlyle first met Edward Irving—also a tutor and afterwards a minister—who was at many points the connecting link of Carlyle's destiny.

This Edward Irving appears to have been a man of rare loyalty. Carlyle says he was indebted to him at this period for "the bond of human fellowship." Though Carlyle was in two senses his rival—in the mathematical appointment and in another sense that was to appear later—their fellowship remained unbroken, and the good offices of Irving continued. Carlyle had access to his library, and read the books that we may be sure were now shaping his thoughts. Subsequently Irving recommended Carlyle to the editor of the *London*



Statue of Thomas Carlyle by Bochus.

Magazine which lead to the acceptance of some of his first manuscripts. And during the period of struggle and uncertainty of action in the few years that followed, Irving was Carlyle's good angel at a financial crisis by introducing him to some young men of wealthy parentage, who engaged his services to coach them for the university. Meanwhile Carlyle was profoundly under the influence of German thought. He found leisure, in the intervals of teaching these young men, to pursue literary work, one of his first achievements being a translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. This in due course led to an acknowledgment from Goethe, and

the beginning of that intercourse which was perhaps to Carlyle well-nigh life's crowning recompense. Goethe was to Carlyle the supreme ideal of the "Hero as Man of Letters;" and their intimacy continued till the great German's death.

A word here must be said about the large-hearted generosity—almost amounting to recklessness—of Carlyle when essentials were concerned, while it has been hinted that he was disastrously neglectful sometimes over "trifles" in his personal relationships. At the time when he was earning a livelihood as private tutor, and paid moderate sums for his arduous literary labors, he defrayed the expenses of an invalid brother during a medical career, and lent to another brother a substantial sum to stock a farm, though his own future was by no means assured.

But we now come to the effect of Irving's friendship in another capacity. It was at Irving's rooms that Carlyle was introduced to Jane Baillie Welsh, known among her circle as "the Flower of Haddington," her father being a doctor at that town. She was a delicately-nurtured only child, beautiful, as her portraits tell; and there are proofs that while she was an essentially feminine woman, full of grace, she was mentally endowed far above the sampler-working, water-color dabbling ladies of the Britain of those days who were termed "accomplished." The relations between Miss Welsh and Irving were somewhat complicated. Irving had been her tutor, and she had cherished for him a girlish affection, which perhaps was a form of hero worship. He appears to have gone away and forgotten her, becoming engaged meanwhile to another lady, but returning after an interval to regard his old pupil in a new light. Some passage of courtship passed between them; but the "flower of Haddington" was no doubt told of "the other lady." Though Irving was perhaps the man of her heart, the conditional proposal did not culminate, and Irving fulfilled his former troth by marriage. Oblivious of this, Carlyle appeared on the scene as Miss Welsh's suitor, he himself having proposed to and been rejected by a lady who, it has been conjectured, was the original of the "Blumine" of *Sartor Resartus*, (Carlyle himself being the prototype of the somewhat Hamlet reminiscent Teufelsdröckh.)

Miss Welsh—no doubt with experiences of more dapper and

commonplace suitors—did not at first respond to the wooing of the strenuous-tongued German scholar, whose mind was now fermenting to produce the said Teufelsdröckh. But further acquaintance seeming to impress her with the great intellectual qualities and the makings of the man—whom she knew to be poor—and Carlyle pressing his suit, they were ultimately married.

London, England.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Hope On.

(Selected by Carl P. Lind.)

Though black and angry clouds may rise,
To hide the blue of summer skies
From strained and weary waiting eyes,
 The sun will shine when clouds are gone.
And, when God's hand dispels the gloom,
The birds will sing, the flowers will bloom,
 Cheer up, faint heart, "hope on."

Though steep the way and dark the night,
With ne'er a friendly ray of light,
And dim and feeble be the sight,
 Yet happiness waits in the dawn.
There, just beyond the darkness, lies
That sweet, sunlighted Paradise.
 Be brave, poor heart, "hope on."

For every heartache, every tear,
For every patient, struggling year,—
For every sacrifice made here,—
 When heaven's mystic veil is drawn,
A rich reward, ten thousand fold,
Will come with happiness untold.
 "Hope on, dear heart, hope on."

Hebrew Idioms and Analogies in the Book of Mormon.

BY THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

III.

The different terminations of the Nephite proper names, excluding those applied to God, Christ and the Holy Spirit—many of which are translatable terms—number over sixty; but more than forty of them belong to names that are found in identical form in both the Bible and the Book of Mormon, and hence this large number is accounted for at once as certainly Jewish. Of the remainder we find all but two of them among Biblical names as follows:

TERMINATION OF NEPHITE NAMES	BIBLE NAMES	TERMINATION OF NEPHITE NAMES	BIBLE NAMES
osh	Rosh	ib	Chezib
or	Beth-peor	ag	Abishag
hu	Elihu	ez	Bozez
um	{ Rheum	iz	Ziz
	{ Shallum	f	Zif
no	Adino	et	Eliphalet
oth	Aloth	ne	Mene
ath	Gath	la	Bethhogla
le	Baale		

The termination of Nephite proper names not found in any Biblical ones that the writer has examined, are *r* without a preceding vowel, as in Coriantumr, and *ts* in Hermounts. More than one example of the use of names with these terminations by the sacred writers of the Bible might be supplied, but it is not considered neces-

sary as most of them would be readily recognized by students of the Jewish scriptures. Two names ending in *um* have been given, for, at first thought, some assume that this termination is Latin only.

Most of the suffixes that the Nephites welded to the base were so common and familiarly Jewish that no special attention need be directed to more than a few of them—one of which is *hah*, evidently instead of *ah*. This form, however, is authorized by the terminal ending in Janohah, apparently from the same base as Jano-ah—both Bible names. The combination *hah* is found in the Nephite names Nephi-hah, Moroni-hah, Ammoni-hah, and Cameni-hah. Sometimes *ah*, when added to a base, was preceded by a vowel sound as Ahaz-i-ah from Ahaz. Among the Nephite names we find analogically formed those of Amalick-i-ah, Sar-i-ah and Mos-i-ah. Again, *oni* was a musical termination to which the Jews seemed somewhat partial. We find it in Ben-*oni*, from Ben, and in Rabb-*oni*, from Rabb. The Nephites used this ending in Gidgidd-*oni*, Math-*oni*, and in Math-*oni*-hah they welded the two suffixes to the same base.

It is not necessary to prolong these observations in order to call further attention to the fact that in the matter of forming new names by addition of suffixes, the Nephites were orthodox Jews. Those who wish to pursue this inquiry at greater length can readily find examples in the comparative exhibit that is given on preceding pages, or in the general list of names that is to follow. Coming now to an examination of the prefixes that were used by the Nephites in the formation of their proper names, we find that they are about all included in the following enumeration: Te, Pa, Z, Ze, H, See, A, Am, O, and Ab. The first, or Te, with Omner, gives Teomner; Pa and Cumeni occur together in the name Pacumeni; Z and Enock form Zenock; Ze and Nephi welds into Zenephi; H and Elam-an makes Helaman; See and Zoram combines into Seezoram; A and Kish gives Akish; Am and Moron appears in Ammoron; O and Gath in Ogath and Ab and Lom welds into Ablom—all of them being genuine Nephite names, as an examination of the general list will disclose. Considering the limited number of proper names in the Book of Mormon—about three hundred different ones altogether—it will be observed that

the Nephites were very liberal in the use of prefixes in forming them. We have seen how these prefixes were joined with certain roots or bases in order to form new names; but a question of greater interest and importance now claims our attention as to whether these particular prefixes are sanctioned by ancient Jewish usage as disclosed from lists of Bible names. That they are strictly Hebraic and properly used is evident from the illustrations that soon follow. The first column gives the prefixes that were applied by the Nephites in compounding some of their own names. In the second column there is entered base names taken from the Bible. In the third column will be found other Bible names, and of course Jewish; but which might just as well be formed by welding the Nephite prefix to the Hebrew base of the second column. Stronger proof than this that the Jews and the Nephites were of the same race, and understood alike the principles of the same language, can scarcely be expected or needed:

NEPHITE PREFIX	BIBLE BASE	BIBLE NAME COMPOUNDED	NEPHITE PREFIX	BIBLE BASE	BIBLE NAME COMPOUNDED
Te	Beth	Tebeth	Se or See	Elah	Selah*
	Koa	Tekoa(h)		Machi	Semachi
	Mani	Temani		Ephar	†Seph(a)er*
	Resh	Teresh		Eron	†Sera(o)n*
O	Beth	Obeth	A	Gar	Agar
	Zorah	Ozorah		Hiram	Ahram
Pa	Dan	Padan		Ner	Aner
	Shur	Pashur	Am	Rumah	Arumah
	Rosh	Parosh		Asa	Amasa
	Arah	Parah *		Azia	Amazia(h)
Ze	Bul	Zebul		Ittai	Amittai
	Resh	Zeresh	Ab	Ram	Amram
	Enan	Zenan		Iram	Abiram
Z	Ethan	Zethan		Iron	Abiron
	Immah	Zimmah		Ner	Abner
	Uriel	Zuriel		Raham	Abraham

In order that it may be demonstrated still further by visual evidence that the Nephite proper names are genuinely Hebraic, it will be necessary in the first place to give the names and powers

* One vowel dropped. † Substitution of one vowel sound for another, not unusual in Jewish proper names.

of the letters of the Hebrew alphabet, and afterward a complete list of all proper names that occur in the Book of Mormon together with some untranslated terms that are also to be subjected to our inspection, and for convenience they shall be divided into several different groups. Taking these matters up in the order thus indicated we find that the names and powers of the Hebrew letters are:

NO.	NAME	POWER	NO.	NAME	POWER
1	Aleph		12	Lamedh	L
2	Beth	Bh, B	13	Mem	M
3	Gimel	Gh, G	14	Nun	N
4	Daleth	Dh, D	15	Samekh	S
5	He	H	16	Ayin	
6	Vav	V	17	Pe	Ph, P
7	Zayin	Z	18	Tsadhe	Ts
8	Hheth	Hh	19	Koph	K
9	Teth	T	20	Resh	R
10	Yodh	Y	21	Shin	Sh, S
11	Kaph	Kh, K	22	Tav	Th, T

No English equivalents have been written for the first or the sixteenth of these letters—the powers for all of which have been given as *Greene's Hebrew Grammar* illustrates them. It is difficult to represent equivalents for the two just numbered without some accompanying explanation. Aleph is regarded as the weakest of the letters and its value is likened to the English silent *h* in *hour*. The power of Ayin is uncertain; but some modern Jews give it the sound of *ng*, or of French *gn* in champagne. Though the power of Yodh is given above as English *y* others of equal authority with Greene give it the sound of *j* or *i*. This letter, Yodh, is the first one in the original name Jehovah, which is variously pronounced as just written, or as Yehovah. Now, looking the Hebrew alphabet over very carefully, we find that it has no equivalent for the English *q*, *x* or *w*, and, as a consequence, any word or name that has one or more of these letters in it, is not a genuinely Jewish word or name. Even the familiar names *Jew* and *Hebrew*, as here spelled, must be excluded. They are not in the proper form for Hebraic names. Their orthography condemns them as foreign to the language of Israel. To be orthographically

correct, if Jewish, they should be spelled *Ju* and *Hebru*; but more respecting them hereafter. Now, in order to ascertain whether the Book of Mormon conforms its orthography to these limitations of the Hebrew alphabet, we must not examine foreign words or names, nor any terms that are English signs for Jewish words, which were not spelled as the translation is; but we can take the proper names in that book, and which are known to be of Nephite origin, for they are not translated, but have been, as it were, transferred bodily from the Nephites down to us, and determine this question by the showing thus made. Proceeding, then, on this basis, to examine all the proper names (and untranslated terms) that occur in the Book of Mormon, there is not found a single one of them that has a *q*, *x* or *w* in it. That is to say, so far as the names in question can be traced to a purely Nephite origin, they do conform in their orthography to the limitations of the Hebrew alphabet, and this remarkable consistency is especially forced upon our attention by the spelling of the Nephite name "Amnihu" as here given, instead of "Amnihew" or "Amnihugh," according to some of the English methods of representing the long sound of *u*.

GENERAL LISTS. (Class No. 1.)

Aaron	Ammah	Antiomno	Comnor
Abel	Ammaron	Antionum	Corianton
Abinadi	Ammon	Antionah	Coriantor
Abinadom	Ammonihah	Antiparah	Coriantum
Abish	Amnigaddah	Antipas	Coriantumr
Ablom	Ammoron	Antipus	Corihor
Abraham	Aminor	Antum	Corom
Adam	Amnihu	Archeantus	Corum
Aha	Amoron	Babylon	Cumeni
Ahah	Amos	Bashan	Cumorah
Agosh	Amulek	Benjamin	David
Akish	Amulon	Bethabary	Eden
Alma	Angola	Boaz	Egypt
Amaleki	Anti-Anti	Cain	Egyptians
Amalickiah	Anteonum	Camenihah	Elijah
Amaron	Anteum	Cezoram	Emer
Amgid	Anti-Christ	Chemish	Emnon
Aminadab	Anti-Lehi-	Christians	Emron
Aminadi	Nephi	Cohor	Enos
Amlici	Antiomni	Com	Ephraim

Ezrom	Jesus	Mocum	Satan
Ethem	John	Moriancumer	Seantum
Ether	Jonas	Morianton	Sebus
Eve	Joneam	Moriantum	Sezoram
Ezias	Josh	Mormon	Seth
Gad	Joshua	Moron	Shared
Gaddiandi	Jordan	Moroni	Shazer
Gadianton	Jordon	Moronihah	Shem
Gadiomnah	Joseph	Moses	Shemlon
Gazelem	Judah	Mosiah	Shemnon
Gid	Judea	Mulek	Sherem
Giddianhi	Kib	Muloki	Sherrizah
Giddonah	Kim	Nahom	Sheum
Gideon	Kimnor	Nazareth	Shez
Gidgiddoni	Kish	Nehor	Shiz
Gilead	Kishkumen	Nephi	Shule
Gilgal	Korihor	Nephihah	Shur
Gilgah	Kumen	Neum	Shiblom
Gim gimno	Kumenonhi	Nimrah	Shiblon
Hagoth	Laban	Nimrod	Shilem
Hearthom	Lachoneus	Noah	Shilom
Helam	Laman	Ogath	Shim
Helaman	Lamanitish	Omer	Shimnilon
Helem	Lamah	Omner	Sidom
Helorum	Lamoni	Omni	Sidon
Hem	Lebanon	Onhah	Sinai
Hermounts	Lehi	Onidah	Siron
Heshlon	Lehonti	Ontah	Solomon
Heth	Lemuel	Oreb	Teancum
Himni	Levi	Orihah	Teomner
Isaac	Lib	Paanchi	Timothy
Isabel	Limhah	Pachus	Tubaloth
Isaiah	Limher	Pacumeni	Zarahemla
Ishmael	Limhi	Pagag	Zedekiah
Israel	Luram	Pahoran	Zeezrom
Jacob	Mahah	Pharaoh	Zemnariahah
Jacobugath	Malachi	Philistines	Zemnariah
Jacom	Manti	Ramah	Zenephi
Jared	Manasseh	Riplah	Zeniff
Jarom	Mathoni	Riplakish	Zenock
Jasher	Mathonihah	Ripliancum	Zenos
Jashon	Melchizedek	Sabbath	Zerahemnah
Jehocab	Melek	Salem	Zeram
Jehovah	Middoni	Sam	Zerin
Jerusalem	Midian	Samuel	Zion
Jeremiah	Minon	Sariah	Zoramites
Jershon			

The next list is composed of Nephite terms that in general have not been translated: and all of them have been handed down to us without alteration phonetically:

(Class No. 2.)

Amnor	Irreantum	Rabbanah	Shum
Antion	Leah	Rameumpton	Shiblon
Cumoms	Liahona	Senine	Shiblum
Cureloms	Limnah	Seum	Shublon
Deseret	Neas	Seon	Ziff
Ezrom	Onti	Sheum	

The names now given include all those of Nephite origin that we should expect to conform orthographically to the power of the Hebrew alphabet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Flagstaff, Ariz.



Wishes for "Utah."



(For the Improvement Era.)

I would the *Utah* had been fashioned for
A barge of peace and friendship, not for war!
When Alice stood, the star of that grand scene,
Royal and beauteous as a free born queen,
To name the ship for her own native state—
A thing so splendid, wonderful and great—
I would have had the glass she broke contain
Pure, sparkling water, not the bright champagne.

"Peace! Peace!" we hear the nations cry, and still
There is no peace. The scriptures they fulfil,
But if we still must hear of strife and war,
The *Utah* do the work she's fashioned for;
May she e'er sail courageous for the right,
True honor gain, and vict'ry in each fight,
Till tranquil seas she may bear swiftly o'er,
Brave messengers of peace, from shore to shore.

L. L. GREENE RICHARDS.

Salt Lake City, Utah.



Some Men Who Have Done Things.

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' UNIVERSITY.

IV.—Edwin Evans.

HOW A FARM BOY BECAME PROFESSOR OF ART IN ONE OF THE
LARGEST UNIVERSITIES OF THE WEST.

One cannot know the facts in Edwin Evans's life without wondering about the value of a good many things that come into one's early life and that come there in apparently the most acci-



EDWIN EVANS.

dental manner. For here is a man who did now this and now that till he was thirty without ever having a distinct notion that art was to be a profession with him for the rest of his days. And yet what he did during those years, though as different as can be imagined from what one would think it ought to be, seems exactly the thing that was necessary to bring out the man's gift. Young men who appear slow in maturing may therefore take hope from this fact—if they have any thing *to* mature.

Edwin's early environment was far from artistic, far from encouraging a passion for art. There are lovelier spots on the earth than the ribbed country that in those days tried to lift itself up to a level with the ridge of hills to the east and the west. Which shows that everything depends, not on what you see, but on what you see with. Besides, he worked on the farm and herded cows. And one fails

to see how this contributes directly to the artistic. For four months every winter till he was fourteen he attended school. After that he learned telegraphy. The Lehi office of the old Deseret Telegraph line was in the Evans home, and one of the older girls in the family operated the machine. So young Edwin got his knowledge of this business between whiles. Also he served as clerk in the co-operative store in the town. Presently, however, we find him at various telegraph offices along the line between Salt Lake and Provo. It is by reason of this service that he obtains his membership in the Old Telegrapher's Association, a national organization.

One time during these days there suddenly came a fresh gleam into his life. It was midnight in the old depot. The waiting room was full of passengers eager for the arrival of the delayed express. One of these—A. E. Hyde—strayed into the operator's room with a weary expression on his face. The telegrapher was intent upon the strange task of perfecting a drawing which he had evidently been working on for a long time. Mr. Hyde quietly surveyed the picture over the shoulder of the silent worker, watching interestedly the deft hand of the artist as he added a final touch here and there, now and then holding it away from him to see the effect. This noiseless working and watching went on for a good while, till the observer broke in with—

"Young man, what are you doing in a telegraph office? You ought to be at Paris studying art!"

The artist looked up and colored.

I need not detail the conversation that occurred. The upshot of it was an offer on the part of Mr. Hyde to furnish the young man the means with which to pursue his studies. Those were the days when A. E. Hyde and John Beck were associated in the mining business. Mr. Beck, when he heard of his partner's offer of assistance, generously agreed to the proposal. And so to these two men is the credit due of giving Professor Evans the opportunity to develop under more favorable circumstances his artistic genius.

It must not be understood, however, that Edwin's love of art and skill in drawing were of spontaneous generation. On the contrary, they were of long and gradual growth. During the years of his farm life, his schooling, and his telegraphic labors, he had

insistently used the pencil at every odd moment. The beginning is worth noting here, not only because of its connection with Evans's career, but also on account of its apparently accidental character. His mother took him, when he was six, on a visit to a friend's in Sanpete valley. Here he saw a Scandinavian boy older than himself, cutting paper animals and coloring them. The moment he returned home, Edwin fell to cutting animals as if to make up for lost time. But there were no colors to put on them! Not till three years had gone by did he get a box of colors, at Christmas. Certainly this was the greatest Christmas gift Edwin has ever received.

From now on art occupied his thoughts mainly, though he did not dream of making it more than a pastime. He penciled, penned or painted everything in sight. Odd moments, as while waiting for trains at the telegraph office, found him bent over a drawing of some sort. He had no teacher but his own eye and natural taste. Yet he acquired a skill that soon won him local fame and, as we have seen, attracted the attention of strangers who saw his work.

That night in the operator's office marked an epoch in his career. It put hope and purpose into his efforts to get something out of life. By this time he was a husband and a father. For a whole year afterward he put by every spare cent towards paying his way in France and taking care of his family. An arduous year that was, and a gigantic task he had set himself. Surely it speaks well for a married man of thirty and past to put forth such unusual effort in such an unusual direction! But what will high hope not accomplish, once it has set its face?

His first intention seems to have been to study art for a time at the University of Utah. But this is not clear. Anyhow, one fine morning saw him, during this year, going University-wards with a portfolio of his drawings under his arm. The teacher of art there must have been favorably impressed by his work, for he told him that he would best go to Paris. And to Paris he went.

It is one thing to have high hopes, plenty of energy, and moneyed friends, but quite another thing to be a young man without education and experience in the right things trying to enter the

Julien Academy of Fine Arts in a country whose tongue you cannot understand. This, Evans found out, quite to his embarrassment. Luckily, though, the head man at the Academy was away, and Edwin was allowed to enter. With characteristic push he got himself into the "life class," because he could not endure the cast-work.

The reckoning time came, however, when he exhibited his first picture to the teacher in charge. Maybe it was a good thing, after all, that the aspirant for artistic fame could not, at that



IN THE STUDIO.

time, understand French, in which language the worthy old professor sought to ease his feelings over the drawing. But "Ed" had studied facial expressions to enough purpose, at least, to know that the countenance he was now watching foreboded ill to him, especially as the lips uttered quick, angry exclamations. But the fact that the new-comer was permitted to continue meant something favorable, which gave hope.

And so Evans set to work with unconquerable will, as became

a man who had a family in Utah to support and who was in Paris on borrowed money and large expense. From early in the morning till late in the afternoon he sat at his easel with dogged patience, adding line after line, till his teacher cried out against it.

"You'll break down! you'll break down! Take a cigar once in a while and walk up and down the studio. It'll relieve the strain!"

But "Ed" didn't smoke, and therefore he remained at his easel. Here is where that farm life at Lehi and the mountain air and the moral habits of his life told with salutary effect. The old professor would have been shocked incredibly had he known that Evans's robust constitution—for Edwin Evans is not one of your consumptive artists pining away for lack of flesh and lung-space—was enduring the additional strain of several studies pursued at a night school.

And this amazing power for work had its effect. He made rapid headway. Two years he stayed there, and then went out into the country for three months, under another instructor. In the end he received honorable mention in drawing from the Academy—a very high honor.

Beyond all doubt, the thing that kept Edwin at the art school, after the time when the professor talked so jerkily in French over his first drawing, was what artists call *ensemble*, which, being interpreted, means the parts of a picture viewed as a whole, the total effect of a work of art. And here Evans has a lesson for young artists which by itself would make his life worth the telling.

A few years ago, not only in the United States but in Europe as well, the method of teaching art that most prevailed was one which required the student to do the parts first and then the whole. If, for example, it were a human figure that was to be drawn, the beginner would be put into a "cast-class" where he was expected to draw the face, the head, the hand, the foot, till he could do these perfectly. Then he would be set to work on the whole figure. Now, Evans, never having had a teacher, knew nothing of methods, before he went to Paris. And so he drew in the most natural way—outlined the whole first, and filled in the parts afterwards. This taught him proportion, which is a fundamental law of all art. As a result he found, when he got

somewhat along at the Academy, that whereas he did the wholes better than the separate parts, the parts in the other students' work did not pull together so well, the parts were better than the wholes. The *ensemble*, everyone knows, is harder to do, and is greater than particular parts. So what Edwin Evans had to spend his time upon was the comparatively easier work of perfection in the parts, and this accounts to some degree, for his rapid progress while at Paris. We now know, of course, that this method which Evans had unconsciously stumbled upon in his boyhood is not only the natural but, for that very reason, the only proper method of teaching and learning art.

Returning to Utah, he did some painting in the Salt Lake Temple for three months. The next three years he spent partly in giving private lessons, but mainly in work on his landscape pictures and representation of animal life. A Utah harvest scene, which he painted shortly after his return, has won deserved recognition. While it was on exhibition at the World's Fair in 1893, he was offered five hundred dollars for it, which he refused, however, in order to dispose of it to better advantage at home. Later, namely in 1895, it was exhibited at Iowa. "There was more said about this one," said C. E. Baldwin, the president of the Iowa Society of Fine Arts, in a letter to Mr. Evans, "than any other in the exhibit and it formed a lasting impression." Later still it was reproduced in the *Midland Monthly* with a brief account of the artist. For a time he taught art at the L. D. S. College, and not long afterwards accepted the professorship of art at the University of Utah, which place he occupies at present. He was president of the Society of Utah Artists 1895 to 1907.

During these years he has sketched continually, as his work in the University would permit. Not so prolific as some other Utah artists, he has nevertheless had a large output, with no difficulty in disposing of his work to advantage. Commercially Utah is not so advantageous a place for an artist as some other states, New York, for instance; and for this reason some friends expressed surprise when he came back to Utah instead of going where he could do better in his art, financially. But Edwin Evans is a Latter-day Saint; his interests are wholly with his people; and hence he remains here.

This last fact induced me to ask him what effect the teachings of our religion have, and will be likely to have, on art.

"Well," he replied, "it is not easy to answer that question. Some would seem to think, to judge by their general attitude, that the influence of 'Mormonism' on all forms of art is discouraging, except when it is modified by contact with non-'Mormon' ideas. For instance, I once heard a prominent woman point to the fact that several Utah boys were students at the Julien Academy, in Paris, as an evidence of 'Gentile' influence on the 'Mormons.' I do not regard it so. The Saints have had a long and hard battle to wage with nature in a new country. But such encouragement as they could lend to artistic expression they have cheerfully given from the first. There is just as much encouragement given it by the Saints in Utah, to say the least, as there is by the people in any other state of similar age and conditions in the Union.

"As for the influence of our faith on art, necessarily it would be good. For one thing, it would naturally limit the subject matter of art. Take a figure painter, for instance. Elsewhere there is no objection among artists to painting the nude. A Latter-day Saint artist would hesitate before choosing this form of expression. Other subjects with immoral suggestion he would proscribe from his artistic domain. There are negative effects acting as a sort of limitation upon the artist.

"But there are positive effects also. Art expresses character, necessarily. 'Mormonism' tends to purify character. Hence, our faith would act in this way upon art and would thus show itself in the artist's work. On the whole, therefore, I should say that the influence of our religion on art would be wholesome and encouraging."

I asked him if he had any word for young men and women anxious to take up art.

"Two things," he said. "First, they should take up the study as early as possible and develop character. Too much emphasis cannot be placed on this point. I believe that art manifests itself early in life. There are always indications in the child of the bent of mind in the man or the woman, and these should be followed. But character is necessary. A clean, wholesome life is essential as a basis. What does art amount to, anyway, without

character—something to hold up the standard of conduct to what is of real worth in life?

“Next, if they believe themselves to have an artistic temperament, it would be unwise for them to rush off at once to New York or Paris. Let them stay at home awhile till they have manifested their ability or lack of ability in art. In the past, young persons here and in other states have gone away to study, at vast expense, only to find that they do not possess enough of the artistic sense to rise above the merest mediocrity in the profession. Lack of talent in art can be determined at home as well as abroad, and at a good deal less expense.

“And then, too, the time spent at home in ascertaining whether there is any artistic talent to cultivate, and how much, goes also towards developing character. It is incredible the amount of temptation young artists meet with, and often succumb to, abroad. I mean, of course, temptation in a moral way. Hence the absolute necessity of developing the sense of moral uprightness and integrity and strength before subjecting oneself to the strain that will necessarily be put upon one at such a place as Paris.”

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Hardship—Through an Optimistic Eye.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Hardship's a blessing sent down in disguise,
 A staff for the weak and a scourge for the wise,
 And is scattered afar with her tongue of complaints,
 But is mostly reserved for the faith and the Saints.
 I know of no mortal she deigneth to slight,
 But, lo, should there be, here's a path and a light,
 Be a Latter-day Saint and you'll get a full share,
 For we have quite enough to go around and to spare.

THEODORE E. CURTIS.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Salvation Universal.

BY JOSEPH F. SMITH, JR., ASSISTANT CHURCH HISTORIAN.

IV.

While many honorable men and women in the world are accomplishing a great work in searching out and compiling genealogical data, their labors serve only as the means to the end. The greatest work, after all, devolves on the members of the Church who have the priesthood, power and privilege, to go into the temples, taking the names from these compiled records and from all other authentic sources and performing the ordinances in behalf of their dead. We live in the greatest dispensation of the world's history, that of the fulness of times, when all things are to be gathered and restored to their proper order, ushering in the millennial reign of the Redeemer and the righteous. Do Latter-day Saints fully realize the importance of the mighty responsibility placed upon us in relation to the salvation of the world? We are doing a great deal in the attempt to convert and save a perverse and wicked generation; we are sending hundreds of missionaries into all parts of the earth, and are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars annually in this very necessary labor, with results that are not so very startling. We are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars in the building of meetinghouses, Church schools and other buildings, and in the education of the youth of Israel, in developing and improving our lands, building cities and increasing our communities, publishing periodicals and magazines, and in every way diligently striving to improve our own people, and disseminate knowledge that will convert the world to the gospel; but what are we doing for the salvation of our dead? Many there are, it is true, who comprehend this greater work, and are faithfully

discharging their duties in the temples of the Lord, but of others this cannot be said. The temple in Salt Lake City has for many months been so crowded with anxious, earnest workers, that it has been necessary many times to turn large numbers away because there was not sufficient room. This is a good sign, showing the willingness and activity of the Saints. But this condition does not relieve the inactive, dilatory members, who are doing nothing for their dead. These persons cannot expect to receive credit for what others may be doing, the responsibility rests with equal force on all according to our individual ability and opportunities. It matters not what else we have been called to do, or what position we may occupy, or how faithfully in other ways we have labored in the Church, none are exempt from this great obligation. It is required of the apostle as well as the humblest elder. Place or distinction, or long service in the cause of Zion in the mission field, the stakes of Zion, or where or how else it may have been, will not entitle one to disregard the salvation of one's dead. Some may feel that if they pay their tithing, attend their regular meetings and other duties, give of their substance to the poor, perchance spend one, two or more years preaching in the world, that they are absolved from further duty. But the greatest and grandest duty of all is to labor for the dead. We may and should do all these other things, for which reward will be given, but if we neglect the weightier privilege and commandment, notwithstanding all other good works, we shall find ourselves under severe condemnation. And why such condemnation? Because "the greatest responsibility in this world that God has laid upon us, is to seek after our dead."* Because we cannot be saved without them, "It is necessary that those who have gone before and those who come after us should have salvation in common with us, and thus hath God made it *obligatory* to man,"† says the Prophet Joseph Smith. From this, then, we see that while it is necessary to preach the gospel in the nations of the earth, and to do all other good works in the Church, yet the greatest commandment

* Joseph Smith in *Times and Seasons* 6: 616.

† Ibid.

given us, and made obligatory, is temple work in our own behalf and in behalf of our dead.

Again the Prophet says: "Baptism for the dead is the only way that men can appear as saviors upon Mount Zion. The proclamation of the first principles of the gospel was a means of salvation to man individually, but men, by actively engaging in rites of salvation substitutionally, become instrumental in bringing multitudes of their kin into the kingdom of God. . . . This doctrine appears glorious inasmuch as it exhibits the greatness of divine compassion and benevolence in the extent of the plan of human salvation. This glorious truth is well calculated to enlarge the understanding, and to sustain the soul under troubles, difficulties, and distresses. . . . This doctrine presents in a clear light the wisdom and mercy of God, in preparing an ordinance for the salvation of the dead, being baptized by proxy, their names recorded in heaven, and they judged according to the deeds done in the body. This doctrine was the burden of the scriptures. Those Saints who neglect it, in behalf of their deceased relatives, do it at the peril of their own salvation."*

The reason our own salvation stands in jeopardy is because it is necessary that the parents and children not only receive the ordinance of baptism, but they must be joined together from generation to generation. It is necessary for us to go into the temples, be baptized, confirmed, and receive all the ordinances for our dead, just as we receive them for ourselves.† "It is sufficient to know," we read in the revelation, "that the earth will be smitten with a curse, unless there is a welding link of some kind or other, between the fathers and the children upon some subject or other, and behold what is that subject? It is the baptism for the dead. For we without them cannot be made perfect; neither can they without us be made perfect. Neither can they nor we be made perfect without those who have died in the gospel also; for it is necessary in the ushering in of the dispensation of the fulness of times, which dispensation is now beginning to usher in, that a whole and complete and perfect union and welding together of dis-

* *Times and Seasons* 2: 545-6.

† *History of the Church*, May 12, 1844.

pensations, and keys, and powers, and glories should take place, and be revealed, from the days of Adam even to the present time; and not only this, but those things which never have been revealed from the foundation of the world, but have been kept hid from the wise and prudent shall be revealed unto babes and sucklings in this dispensation of the fulness of times." *

Again, quoting from the prophet: "The Bible says, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord; and he shall turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.

"Now, the word turn here should be translated bind or seal. But what is the object of this important mission? or how is it to be fulfilled? The keys are to be delivered, the spirit of Elijah is to come, the gospel to be established, the Saints of God to be gathered, Zion built up, and the Saints to come up as saviors on Mount Zion.

"But how are they to become saviors on Mount Zion? By building their temples, erecting their baptismal fonts, and going forth and receiving all the ordinances, baptisms, confirmations, washings, anointings, ordinations and sealing powers upon their heads, in behalf of all their progenitors who are dead, and redeem them that they may come forth in the first resurrection and be exalted to thrones of glory with them, and herein is the chain that binds the hearts of the fathers to the children, and children to the fathers, which fulfils the mission of Elijah. And I would to God this temple was now done, that we might go into it, and go to work and improve our time, and make use of the seals while they are on earth.

"The Saints have not too much time to save and redeem their dead, and gather together their living relatives, that they may be saved also, before the earth will be smitten, and the consummation decreed falls upon the world." †

These passages emphasize the importance of the work for the dead, for we cannot be saved without them, nor can they be saved

*Doc. and Cov, 128: 18.

†*History of the Church*, Jan. 20, 1844.

without us. Our salvation cannot be accomplished unless the fathers and the children are joined together, bound, sealed in perfect family order. Husbands must be united by authority with their wives; children to their parents, until there is one grand family composed of all the faithful from the beginning to the end of time, with Adam, our progenitor standing in his calling as the father of us all.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER]

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Passing Events.

The battleship "Utah" the fifth ship of the "all-big-gun" type to be added to the United States Navy, since 1905, and the most powerful warship yet built in the United States, was launched at Camden, New Jersey, on the 23rd day of December, 1909. It was christened by Miss Mary Alice Spry, daughter of Governor William Spry, who, with a large number of other Utah people, was present at the launching. The *Utah* is one of the world's largest battleships, is 510 feet in length, 88 feet in breadth, with a normal displacement of 21,825 tons. Her battery includes ten 12-inch and sixteen 5-inch guns. She has two 21-inch submerged torpedo tubes, a displacement 2000 tons greater than the *Delaware* and *North Dakota*, and is expected to develop a speed of 20 $\frac{3}{4}$ knots per hour.

The Agricultural College of Utah began several short winter courses—dairying, horticultural inspection, poultry management, house-keeping, the farmer's roundup, forestry, commerce, and mechanic arts, etc., in January. These courses are offered primarily for the benefit of the farmer, business man, and housewife, who can be absent from home only a short time. They are arranged to enable any one interested in a special subject to get in touch with the latest developments and the best and most up-to-date methods in as short a time as possible. The splendid equipment of the college is a guarantee of the best results to be obtained. Those who have attended the farmer's round-ups in the past are unanimous in their statement that they have received several times the worth of their money in the instructions received, and this phase of the college work is becoming increasingly popular. The farmer's round-ups are especially intended for young men who can spend only a few months in school.

“Out of the Abundance of the Heart.”

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF THE “CASTLE BUILDER,” “ADDED UPON,” ETC., AND EDITOR OF “LIAHONA THE ELDERS’ JOURNAL.”

I.

IN CAMP NEAR BLACK CREEK, May 15, 190—.

Dear Myra:—The sheep are taking their noon rest, and that gives me a little time in which to begin my long-contemplated letter to you. I am going to take my time about it, however, and if I do not complete it today, I shall take tomorrow, or as many days as are required.

The sun is getting hot, and the grass is not so good as it was; so if this dry weather continues very much longer, I shall have to drive the sheep to the hills. I think that you told me you have never been out here on the desert; therefore you can hardly realize what a peculiar place it is. Before I went on my mission, I could see in this region nothing but a dreary waste, but now certain aspects of the country appeal strongly to me. I am reminded that our ancient forefathers, when they were called Israelites, wandered about in a desert for forty years. In fact, those lands that we read about in the Bible were very much like this; and many of the prophets and warriors of olden time spent much of their time amid dry and lonely wildernesses. And then I am reminded that many of them were shepherds—that sounds better than sheep-herders. Moses wandered with his sheep among the hills of Arabia, and there he drew near to God. David, also, was a tender of sheep. He had no such large flocks as the modern herder has to care for, because he had time, it seems, to compose songs, and then to sing them to the music of his harp. And then I recall that some thousand years after David, “there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night,” when there came to them that wonderful

proclamation of the birth of Christ—but there, I am talking Bible, and I fear that is tiresome to you. I hope, however, that you will be patient with me this once, no matter how much I sermonize, as this, very likely, will be the last time I shall tax your patience in this manner.

Let me make a little review. I had been a sheep-herder for two years prior to my receiving my call to go on a mission. I had saved a little money, and we had planned what school I should attend, and then what we should do after that. When the call came, our immediate plans had to be changed; but we purposed, you remember, to carry them to a completion after I should return. Well, I went away, taking you and your love with me. And, Myra, you and that love remained with me during the twenty-six months of my mission, and proved a source of strength and comfort to me all the time. The memory of those days just previous to my leaving for my mission was with me always, is with me yet—I fear I can never forget them. * * * *

May 16.

There was some disturbance among the sheep yesterday as I was writing, so I had to stop. It was nothing serious, however. Today they are unusually quiet, so I shall write a little more.

Out in the mission field we boys used to tease each other about "our girls" at home. Every now and then one of the missionaries would get a letter telling him that it was "all off" with him. His girl had become tired waiting for him, and was keeping company with somebody else. One poor fellow, I remember, received word that his young lady, whom he had trusted implicitly, was about to get married. It broke him all up for a time. I said to myself: how thankful I am that *my* girl wouldn't do that—and she didn't either—no; and I have been wondering lately whether it was not best for me that she kept me in entire ignorance of what I suspect was going on within her heart all the time. I had no worries on her account, so I went about my work cheerfully and finished my mission.

And then when I came home! The steamer was so slow, it seemed to me, and the train dragged along, making aggravatingly long stops. When the mountains came into view, I felt that I was at last nearing home—and you. I saw the snow glistening on

the highest peaks, and then I thought again of you—not because of its coldness, but because of its constancy.

The evening I came home I was eager to call on you, but my mother told me not to be in such a hurry. She, dear soul, had a hint of the truth, but only a hint. You had been away from home much, and she did not know. Well, you tried your best to let me down easy. There was no need of your saying much, as I could feel the change in your spirit—I hope, Myra, you will pardon my blunt words; I am going this once to be plain and open and tell you what is in my heart. You tried at first to act as if everything was all right, but you could not deceive me—your true self shone through every deed and word of yours, and when I saw that true self, and came to realize what it meant to me, my heart ached as I hope it will never ache again. * * * I can't write any more today.

May 18.

I tried to add another chapter to this epistle yesterday, but it was a failure. I tore up what I wrote. It is now ten o'clock in the evening. I have been sitting for an hour on the wagon tongue, looking at the stars and listening to the night noises. The sheep are still, and save for an occasional clang of a bell, they are very quiet. Out on the desert to the north, some coyotes are yelping. Yesterday I shot one that came audaciously near. The stars are uncommonly bright tonight, and the breeze is cool and soft. I can't say that it plays with the tree tops, because there is no growth out here larger than sage-brush and grease-wood.

I am writing this by the light of a lantern in my wagon. You would be interested in a sheep wagon, I know, as it contains all the comforts of home in miniature. Our friend, Jack Thompson, visited with me yesterday and remained to dinner. He praised my cooking, but I rather think that it was his "sage-brush appetite" that furnished the sauce. Well, Myra—but I don't think I can write any more this evening. I'll go out again and look at the stars.

May 20.

I am moving my sheep towards the mountains. We traveled nearly all day yesterday, and today we are on the foothills from which I can see the desert stretch, broad and silent, to the hori-

zon. Usually, I am glad enough to leave the desert, but something holds me to it this time. Is there not something sacred in the places where we lay our grievous burdens down?

While I am a sheep-herder I am trying to be a good one, and care for my sheep. So far this season I have not lost many. Yesterday, one poor, little lamb fell so far behind that it became lost in the brush. I heard it bleating, and went back for it; and as I lifted it into my arms, I remembered the Savior's parable of the one sheep that went estray. "And when he [the shepherd] hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost." * * * Well, some sheep are never found, much to the sorrow of the shepherd—sheep-herder.

I have been home now nearly a year. It has been a year of ups and downs with me, and especially the latter as regards our affairs. I thought once that time would readjust us to the condition of heart and mind that we were in three years ago, but I have about given up hope of that now. I have struggled for a whole year to let you go, and now I find that I must give up my illusions and get them from me, and face the stern, heart-breaking reality. I have been nearly a week in coming to this point in my letter—that which I started out to tell you—and now when I have come to it—well, I shall try to tell just what is in my heart.

You might think it strange that I should pray to God about my love affairs; but I have done so continually. The fervor of my soul has gone out to God for you; I have asked him to touch your heart and to make you love me as I love you. I have pleaded with him night and day to do this, because it has seemed to me that I could not endure life without you. Last week, as I sat watching the sheep, with my heart like lead, I had a peculiar experience: the desert and the sheep faded from my sight, and I was again in the mission field. I thought I was holding a cottage meeting, and I was speaking to the Saints on the subject of prayer, telling them, as I have often done, that Jesus should be the great example in our supplications to the Father. When he was in the sorest straights, pouring out in anguish his soul to God, pleading with his Father to let the cup of bitterness pass from him, he yet always added, "nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done."

And so we should always do, I was saying—do the best, and leave the rest with God. Then, suddenly, the vision vanished and before me were the desert and the sheep. Then I knew what it all meant. I had not practiced what I had preached. Not once had I said, “Thy will be done,” when pleading for you, because I felt that I *could not* give you up. I wanted *my* will, and was not willing that God should decide for me. As my true condition came to me, I had the biggest struggle of my life. Night and day the fight went on. Oh, the agony and stress and awfulness of those days and nights! I wonder the sheep did not all scatter to the four winds. * * * With the Lord’s help I have conquered my stubborn self so far that now I have placed myself entirely in God’s hands and am willing, if it is his will, to let you go.

Yes, Myra, go your way in peace, and I shall go mine. You are released from all bonds which any promise of yours might have made binding. She who becomes my wife must do so without any reservations. There must be no danger of change or regret. My wife must be as constant as the stars; yes, more, for they say that stars sometimes pass away. The sun may cease to shine someday, but not so the light of love. And the love that binds husband and wife together must be of the kind that reaches to the uttermost of time and space, beyond the sun or stars or worlds yet uncreated. The husbands and wives who are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise will come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, and begin again the journey where they left it off. Hand in hand, they will travel on from truth to truth, from light to light, from power to power, increasing in the knowledge of the Lord, and clothed with a glory which shall be their passport into the limitless realms of celestial worlds.

To live with you forever! How I had planned, how I had lived in the spirit: with you, Myra, I have trod the sweet paths of Paradise, and eaten of its fruits; with you I have gone on to conquer all heights, and to share with our Eternal Father “all things.” Nothing was withheld from us, Myra, whether “things present or things to come”—all were ours. Oh, how I have lived and loved—in the spirit! * * * But, Father, “not as I will, but as thou wilt.”

May 22.

The stage which carries the mail^{*} will shortly go past my camp.

I shall, therefore, close this long letter, and send it off. God bless you. * * * The sky is full of gathering clouds. There is a storm coming, and I must be out looking after my sheep. Goodby.

Sincerely yours,

WINSLOW JAMES.

II.

June 1, 190—.

Dear Winslow:—I am sending you by this mail a package of papers and a box of candy. The candy is home-made—one of my "girl friends" helped me make it. She brought her skill from the domestic science department of the college. I hope you will like the candy. * * *

And now that I have told you the "gossipy" news, I am strongly impressed to write you something about Myra. I am not doing this on the impulse of the moment, nor because I like to tell unpleasant tales, but because I think you ought to know. You have not told me much of what has taken place between you and Myra, but I have seen enough to know that your feelings for each other are not the same as they were before you went on your mission. And Myra is not the same girl—but I shall not pre-judge her.

The other evening I had an errand over to Myra's house. As usual, I went into the kitchen to see her mother, but I did not find her there. The house was open, but there was no one at home. I sat by the kitchen window to wait a few minutes, when, presently, I heard voices, and Myra and Tom Cuttman came into the parlor by the front door. They were talking and laughing so loudly that I couldn't help hearing what they said. Perhaps I should not have heard, but the fact is that I was so rooted to the spot by their very first words that I could not get away. Myra read to Tom from a letter which she said she had received from you, and as they read, they laughed uproariously over its contents. I listened attentively after that, because I wanted to be sure I was not deceived. It was true enough, Winslow, though I could hardly believe my senses. They made fun of something you had written about praying to God about your love affairs. "Quite a preacher, yet, isn't he?" I heard her say; and he replied, "Yes, and he a shepherd—he ought to be in the pulpit," then they laughed again.

I slipped out unseen, unheard, and sped homeward without completing my errand.

Now I have told you. You may think it a small thing, but it did not impress me as being unimportant. If what is said, and especially the spirit which is used in the saying, is any indication of the heart's condition, then Myra is not the girl for you. But I do not wish to be the judge, and so I shall say no more about it.

May the Lord bless you and give you wisdom to know and strength to bear all that the Lord has for you.

Your loving

MOTHER.

III.

NEAR PINE RIDGE, June 5, 190—.

My Dear Mother:—I received your letter, papers, and candy today. Thank you for them all. The candy was delicious—I should have said *is* because I have not eaten it all; I shall nibble at it each day for a week. * * * *

As for Myra, dear mother, I am not so surprised as you might think. No; don't you worry about her and me. I wrote that letter, all right, that you heard ridiculed, and there is nothing in it that I am ashamed of, even if it were to be read from the house-tops. I am glad you told me what you did, for, though it made my heart ache, it cleared my head, and drove from me the last, lingering hope which persisted in clinging to me. Myra is not for me—that is now settled for good, and there is some comfort even in that definiteness. I am drilling myself to get used to the thought, and for practice in this disciplinary process I sing to the desert and the sheep, "All is well, all is well." After all, the Lord has been good to me; for how splendid it is to be able to acknowledge his hand even in pain and suffering.

This morn'g we had a glorious rain. While the clouds were clearing away, a mist lay spread over the plain, and as I looked down on it from the hill-side, it appeared as a sea of shining water, stretching away to the horizon. The great valley was covered—the valley of doubt and despair out of which I had just come; and the peace of God lay as a coverlet over it, and I above it all, still looking upward and able to return the smiling greeting of the sun.

Your loving son,

WINSLOW.

Singing as a Means of Preaching the Gospel.

BY ANDREW JENSON, PRESIDENT OF THE SCANDINAVIAN MISSION.

Good singing has always been an essential feature of the Latter-day Saints' worship. Next to the preaching of the gospel by the elders of the Church, impressive singing, especially by organized choirs, has everywhere been the chief factor in softening the hearts of mankind towards the truths of heaven and preparing men to receive the plan of salvation. Singing has often impressed people, when preaching has entirely failed. It has been proved repeatedly that the elder who can sing has a decided advantage over him who cannot. This rule holds good among all classes of people, and in all countries and climes, and might serve as an admonition to all young men to cultivate early in life their talents for singing.

In the Scandinavian mission the majority of our elders are able to praise the name of the Lord in song, which goes far toward making them efficient and successful missionaries. In our larger branches, where we have well-trained choirs, the wholesome effects of good singing is especially noticed. The saying has become general that the "'Mormons' have most excellent singing in their meetings," and it is not unusual to hear one companion say to another, "Come, let us go and hear the 'Mormons' sing." Under this impression, they come to our meetings the first time, and then often hear more than they expected. For besides the inspired strains of music, they listen to the preaching, which often proves a great surprise to them, since, instead of hearing ridiculous dogmas and false doctrines, as perhaps they had been

led to expect, they listen, it may be for the first time in their lives, to the true gospel of Jesus Christ. The next time they conclude to visit, they come to hear the preaching as well as the singing. In such manner hundreds of people in these countries have been converted to "Mormonism."

The largest and best trained choir in the Scandinavian Mission is perhaps the Christiania choir, in Norway. We think it second to none in the Church, outside of the stakes of Zion. It has about seventy voices now, led by Elder George W. Christophersen, of Salt Lake City. Our excellent choir in Copenhagen consists of nearly fifty voices, under the tutorship of Elder Lauritz M. Sorensen, of Big Horn Basin, Wyoming. The choir of the Aarhus branch, under the leadership of Elder Christian H. Johnson of Bear River City, and that of the Aalborg branch, led by Elder Charles H. Sorensen, of Salt Lake City, are also rendering efficient service. In the cities mentioned, the Church owns large and commodious meeting halls and mission houses, which fact gives us every opportunity for preaching the gospel.

In a few other cities of Denmark and Norway, where halls are rented, we also have good, well-trained choirs. Thus a choir of forty voices, with Elder Wilford H. Wilde, of Brigham City, as chorister, enlivens the well attended meetings in the quaint and historic city of Bergen, on the Western coast of Norway. In Trondhjem, the old Cathedral city of Norway, we have a flourishing branch of the Church, with Elder Alvin E. Olsen, of Salt Lake City, leading a choir of twenty voices. In Drammen (Norway) and Randers, (Denmark) and in a few other places, we have small choirs led by elders from Zion. The leaders often teach the members of their respective choirs to sing the songs of Zion in the language of the great Anglo Saxon world, as well as in the native tongue; and I have often been a most interested and enraptured listener to the sweet songs of Zion sung in English, in the spirit of Zion, by the sons and daughters of Denmark and Norway. The brogue, unavoidably associated with their attempt to pronounce the foreign words, only adds to the beauty of the text. The "Song of the Redeemed" and other kindred masterpieces thus sung thrills the souls of the elders, calling forth memories of home and dear ones, or a suppressed tear, and fills the heart with increased love for the

great cause that has taken them so far from home. I may add that our best poetical English Church literature has been translated into the Danish-Norwegian language.



AALBORG BRANCH CHOIR, DENMARK.

The accompanying photograph of the choir in Aalborg was taken at our semi-annual conference, October last. The young chorister is easily recognized by the baton in his hand. On his right sit the presidents of the mission and of the Aalborg conference, respectively, who, by special request, were photographed with the choir as honorary members. The others are local Saints. Copenhagen, Denmark.

A **postal deficit** of nearly \$17,500,000 is reported by the postmaster general. The chief sources of the loss are in the rural free delivery, and in second-class mail matter. The postmaster general recommends an increase in the rate of second-class mail, fast regular mail service to South America and Australia, and the establishment of postal savings banks.

Editor's Table.

The Spiritists' Heaven.

Seeking the occult is unprofitable. Spiritual light comes by means of the Spirit of God, through messengers of the Lord, and through the Holy Ghost who is conferred in full measure upon those who obey the commandments of God. The truth is not whispered through veils of necromancy, nor has any message of light ever yet been revealed through so-called spiritualistic mediums. When spirits of just men made perfect are sent with a message from on high, they come in glory, for that is the only way they can appear; and it is contrary to the order of heaven for them to deceive. They deliver their message in light, and that message tends to the practical uplifting, progress and advancement of men. It is not given to satisfy the cravings of morbid curiosity. On this subject the following editorial recently appeared in the *Portland Oregonian*:

It is wrong to discourage the pursuit of truth, even when there is no prospect of its attaining anything else, and small prospect of attaining even truth. Upon the whole, no species of intellectual athletics is so profitable all around as the investigation of the unknown. It is so immeasurably beneficial, both to him who investigates and to those who merely stand and look on, that few feel much like blaming an eager speaker when he diverges from the realm of the unknown to the unknowable. Still it is sad to see an earnest prospector squander his time, strength and grub following up leads which are sure to end in nothing. We do not, of course, mean to assert positively that the leads which our various psychical researchers have been following for the last fifty years have been absolutely barren, but, aside from some facts of mere terrestrial psychology, what have they yielded? To say nothing of material

advantages, leaving increased health, happiness and longevity out of the question entirely, what is the harvest of pure truth that the spiritists have reaped? It is doubtful if fifty years of effort, as sincere and zealous, in any other field of research have ever proved so nearly fruitless.

In deriding psychical research, therefore, one would not necessarily be discouraging the pursuit of truth, since it is highly questionable whether that radiant angel lies concealed anywhere in the country the lovers of the occult have invaded. But we do not wish to deride it. Our sole purpose is to point out how little it has accomplished, and this is done not by any means with unholy hilarity, but rather with melancholy reverence. Although thousands of people, including such men as W. T. Stead, Professor William James, Alfred Russel Wallace, and Sir Oliver Lodge, have held more or less constant converse with spirits for many years, it is safe to say that they have not elicited from their celestial visitants a single fact of any particular importance concerning either this world or the other. As the *Independent* observes, in commenting upon this subject, "We would have learned more by the discovery of a new tribe of South Sea Islanders than we have by getting into communion with the spirits of the mighty dead." From all this fuss and parade neither literature, science, philosophy nor religion has profited one atom.

The so-called poetry which the spirits sometimes vouchsafe to transmit through the mediums is always the most depressing gibberish. Not a single line of it has ever been worth remembering. Although spirits are supposed to live a larger and freer life than we, and are said to know all the facts of nature by intuition, nevertheless they have not told us one truth about electricity, aviation, or any other significant subject of human interest. Philosophy stands exactly where it would if the spirits had never been heard of, while religion they have seriously injured. They have harmed it by making the future life repulsive, and to many people ridiculous. Granting the untenable proposition that spirit communications prove there is a future life, who would want to live it if we must become the half-witted creatures the returning ghosts invariably seem to be? If we are doomed to lose our intelligence when we become discarnate souls, would not annihilation be preferable? Who wants to spend eternity as a chattering idiot?

The Christian belief is that all our faculties will be brightened when we get to heaven. The spirits who deliver themselves through Eusapia, Paladino, and the other mediums, are said to come from heaven for that purpose. They must represent the average intelligence of that blest abode. Have their faculties been brightened much? Shakespeare

appears among these visitants once in a while, but who would ever know him as the author of "Hamlet?" He does not exhibit decent common sense, to say nothing of genius. Bacon, Gladstone and everybody else suffers the same fearful eclipse. There must be something in the atmosphere of the evergreen shore fatal to intelligence. George Washington and Little Bright Eyes both gibber nonsense. If anything Bright Eyes has the best of it. By making heaven out to be a sort of vast asylum for the simple-minded spiritism has injured religion incalculably. At best, celestial joys are none too alluring. Few people whom we have ever seen really prefer them to terrestrial satisfaction. But when to perpetual harp-playing and dancing the decay of the intelligence is added, the place becomes positively repulsive.

The Genealogical Society of Utah.

The Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine, No 1, Volume 1, made its appearance on January 1, 1910, with an interesting table of contents. This is a quarterly of 48 pages, published by the Genealogical Society of Utah, and exclusively devoted, as its name implies, to genealogical and historical matter. The society was first decided upon November 13, 1894, and on November 21 incorporated, Franklin Dewey Richards, president. Since that time, and mostly in the past two years, the society has grown to 257 life and 410 annual memberships, with a library of 1,600 volumes. Officers for 1910 are: Anthon H. Lund, president; Charles W. Penrose, vice-president; Joseph F. Smith, Jr., secretary-treasurer and librarian; Joseph Christenson, Anthony W. Ivins, Duncan M. McAllister, and Heber J. Grant, directors. The new magazine is the organ of this society and fills a place hitherto vacant, in the western part of the United States. Its work will not only cover Utah, but the whole intermountain country, "and more if necessary." President Anthon H. Lund is the editor, and Joseph F. Smith, Jr., associate editor. In the salutatory editorial President Lund says of the mission of the magazine:

We are not publishing the magazine with the idea of furnishing the

general public with something to while away a few idle hours, a means of amusement, something to be read and soon forgotten: but with the idea of giving them a periodical of permanent usefulness: that will not only entertain, but also instruct and aid in the gathering of the records of their dead, so that they can prepare themselves in the "most glorious of all subjects," the work for the dead.

Family records and genealogies, historical information, biographies, manuscripts, old documents and publication, are solicited, and will appear in the magazine, or be filed with the society. This is a splendid aim, and the ERA welcomes the new publication, with a recommendation to all who are interested in this laudable work to support it with their subscriptions, as well as with valuable information. Price \$1.50 per annum. Joseph F. Smith, Jr., manager, Salt Lake City, Utah.

"Men and Missions."

This is a book of 215 pages published by the Sunday School Times Company, 1831 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., and written by Mr. William T. Ellis, a secular journalist, who has looked into the entire missionary enterprise, both as a principle and in practical operation. His investigations led him entirely around the world, and over the main mission fields. He critically examined every aspect of the work, and in his book has sought to give an unbiased and fair judgment upon the missionary and his labors, telling the truth as he discovered it. He gives, besides, a vivid interpretation of present world-currents, and especially the marvelous awaking of the sleeping Oriental nations from the torpor of ages, to the morning sunlight of the gospel. From the sleep of millenniums, new Korea, new Japan, new China, new India, new Turkey, new Persia, with their uncounted millions, are reaching out groping hands for some new sovereign specific that will bring peace to the hearts of their aspiring, dissatisfied people. Every fibre of their being, he points out, is a-tangle with new life:

All these varied signs of the whole world's awaking which chord so signally with the enlarging vision of the men of the Christian Church, betoken a timeliness which argues a sovereign design. Reasoning from

history alone, it is patent that there is such a thing as 'the fulness of time.' The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and he has his own purposes, which when his clock strikes, come to fulfilment. * * * No man with eyes to see can look upon this marvelously awakened world today—especially if he look closely and deeply—without perceiving that all the clamorous voices of the nations may be interpreted as a call for the truth which sets men free. The world's wants are many; its need is one. In all careful thoughtfulness, it must be declared that the underlying, abiding, all-embracing need of the world is for the gospel of Jesus Christ, which alone imparts new life, new liberty and new brotherliness.

In the appendix are presented actual working missionary methods. On the whole the viewpoint of the book is strikingly sensible and independent, soundly constructive, free from the namby-pamby so usual in many ministerial works on the subject.

Messages from the Missions.

Elder Alma O. Taylor, president of the Japan mission, in writing to his father, December 20, 1909, after stating that he had forwarded to each of the high officials of Japan a neatly bound volume of the Book of Mormon, says further: "The mission has certainly grown; we are becoming better known; our name is being spoken more and more each day. The plodding work is leaving a trail behind, and the unresponsive soil is little by little changing from barrenness to fertility, and the flower that grows here and there is an inspiration to the tiller's heart to work on until the plains and hills teem with the fruits of faithful husbandry." He tells of the receipt of a letter from the First Presidency, dated November 23, 1909, which contained his release, also that of Elder Fred Caine, his able assistant in the work of translating the Book of Mormon. On Christmas day they held a very successful Christmas gathering. Brother Caine assumed the role of Santa Claus, he presumed, for the last time in that land. The naming of a president *pro tem* from among the missionaries now laboring there being left for President Taylor, he named Elder Elbert D. Thomas on December 25 for this position. He had sent a letter to each one of the missionaries—it not being practicable to convene them at any given point, in consequence of the great distances in some instances, coupled with considerable expense—asking them for their acceptance or otherwise. Answers to these agreeing, unanimously to the appointment, came in time to enable him and Elder Caine to leave Japan January 10, 1910, on which date they proposed to start for Korea,



ELDERS OF THE JAPAN MISSION.

Photoby C. Kobayashi, Tokyo.

Back Row: Jos. H. Stimpson, Warren E. Harris, John H. Roskelley, Moroni S. Marriott, William R. Fairbourn, Jay C. Jensen, (Mission Secretary), James Anderson. Front Row: J. Preston Cutler, Melvin F. Barton, Alma O. Taylor, Edna H. Thomas, Elbert D. Thomas, Fred A. Caine, Elliot C. Taylor.

thence to China; this journey being taken according to further instructions from the First Presidency, to investigate conditions in these nations and ascertain if they are at all favorable to the introduction of the gospel among these peoples. Also upon their return homeward to disembark and visit the Sandwich Islands for a short time among the Saints there, and also to perform a short missionary labor with the Japanese whom President S. E. Woolley reports are there in considerable numbers.

The time of the arrival of Elders Taylor and Caine in Zion is best expressed in Elder Taylor's closing words in his letter: "Do not appropriate all your beds at conference time, in April next, as we anticipate through the blessing of the Lord to be home for conference." Elder Taylor left for Japan July 24, 1901, eight and a half years ago; Elder Caine started one year later.

Elder James G. Wood, lately returned from a mission to Virginia, writes to President Joseph H. Grant, Woods Cross, concerning the labors of Elder Jedediah M. Grant in that country many years ago. In sending the letter to the ERA, President Heber J. Grant says: "It is remarkable, after father has been dead 53 years, on the first of December, 1909, that the fruits of his work as a missionary should so recently have been gathered."

Elder Wood says: "Inasmuch as I have just returned from the land where your dear father labored as a missionary in the cause of truth so many years ago, and still not forgotten by them, I feel confident that a few lines would be of interest to you. In my last letter to you, while at Grundy, Virginia, I mentioned about a man 92 years old who died last May, who bore his testimony to his children, that Elder Jedediah M. Grant preached the true gospel of Christ, and he wished them to obey it. He told them that he was at the meeting at Jeffersonville, Tazewell county, at the courthouse, when they chose Elder Grant a blank text to speak from, and how humiliated the minister was when he was asked to pass the hat, and how cheerfully the people put in their change. After writing you, and at our last meeting, held in Virginia by the sanction of President Callis, I baptized this man's son, 62 years old, and his two grandsons and their wives, and another gentleman 70 years old. All of them are among the leading citizens of the place. The leading men of Buchanan county are still our best friends, the county clerk is among them. In visiting him at the county courthouse (which, by the way, cost \$52,000) he and others stated that it was open for us to hold services in. I made them a present of a picture of my mountain home, in its true colors, also a large apple from Utah, for which they kindly thanked me."

Under date of January 3, 1910, President German E. Ellsworth, of the Northern States Mission, writes to President Joseph F. Smith: "Dear Brother: We rejoice in the blessings of the Lord we have received during the past year, and in the goodly condition we find the elders and Saints of this mission in at the close of the year 1909. It has also been a genuine satisfaction to feel the strong support given the work by our students and the Western Saints living in the mission field. The hearts of the people are more softened than at the beginning of the year. The officials of both state and city grant more liberty, and in many places extend us hearty welcomes. Comparing conditions with those of five or six years ago there is a very marked change in favor of the doctrine and people of the Latter-day Saints. In this connection, we listened only yesterday to a very strong sermon from Dr. Russell of the People's Pulpit of the Brooklyn Tabernacle; his subjects being "The Rich Man in Hell," "Lazarus in Abraham's Bosom," and "The Thief in Paradise." The big Auditorium was filled to the last seat, and they listened with marked attention for two hours. It bore strong marks of the influence of our teachings and the audience said "Amen," We all wished, however, one of our brethren could have had one hour before the same audience on kindred subjects—the truth would have been less clouded had such been the case. While our yearly reports will follow in a week or so, we say in advance that we are pleased with our tract and book distribution, with the number of meetings held, with our baptisms and with our tithing record. In the matter of tithing we are pleased to report that notwithstanding we have had a goodly number of tithepayers move to the stakes of Zion, our tithing will be better than last year. Our baptisms will be materially increased, but our Book of Mormon distribution by the elders will not be as large, on account of revisiting those places that have already purchased Books of Mormon. The distribution of Books of Mormon through book stores, however, is better than last year. From our mission resources we have been able to take care of the running expenses of the mission as well as keep a stock of books and tracts on hand for our own use, and from which several of the less fortunate missions have drawn on account. We are pleased with the prospect of getting a new book for mission work. *The Great Apostasy*, which we are privileged to publish, will fill a long felt want. We have read the proof and the plates are being made. The first twenty thousand will cost us one thousand dollars, subsequent editions will come same as *Voice of Warning*.

Priesthood Quorums' Table.

The Course of Study.—All the outlines for the course of study for 1910 were ready for delivery, January 13; orders sent in now will be promptly filled as long as the editions last. The price for each of the outlines this year is 15 cents. The five books are of uniform size and each contains about 100 pages. Orders should be sent to IMPROVEMENT ERA, 20-22 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Respect for the Holy Priesthood.—Who can estimate the value of the Holy priesthood, who can comprehend its meaning; who can appreciate its power and magnitude? Who would sell his priesthood for worldly wealth or fame, or for any earthly titles or kingdoms? Who would sell his birthright for a mess of pottage? Do we properly revere this divine power of God bestowed upon man, or do we lightly value it and trample it under our feet? Can the princes of the earth drive out the destroyer? Are the great men of the earth secure from destruction? Can the kings of the earth bring salvation and exaltation in the celestial kingdom of God? Can worldly accumulations bring peace and happiness, or can money purchase the gifts of the gospel?

The holy priesthood is the authority of God to act in his name. Can a man have power with God and at the same time blaspheme his holy name? Or can men speak evil of his servants and retain the Holy Spirit? "Behold, there are many called, but few are chosen. And why are they not chosen? Because their hearts are set so much upon the things of this world, and aspire to the honors of men, that they do not learn this one lesson—that the rights of the priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and that the powers of heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only upon the principles of righteousness." Thus we see what great benefit and blessing can be obtained through the wise and legitimate use of that power. It is said in the Book of Mormon that the priesthood became so united that the very trees obeyed them. I once heard a man who had been called to present a copy of the Book of Mormon to one of earth's dignitaries. Now this man held the priesthood,

yet I heard him say that he feared and trembled in his majesty's presence. We read that Jacob blessed the ancient King Pharaoh by that power, and he became abundantly prospered. Oh, that every deacon, teacher, priest, elder, seventy and high priest could realize the great gift bestowed upon him, and seek to honor his holy calling, and to magnify it before the Lord by seeking to fulfil all the requirements in that priesthood, by keeping the commandments of God, and by seeking to uphold and sustain the brethren in their different positions and callings in the Church, thus becoming united in defending the cause of Christ. Our Church has been fittingly compared, in the completeness of its organization, to the German army, having all grades of officers from captain down to private soldiers. Now, if every command of Christ, our Captain, were to be as strictly obeyed, and as harmoniously carried out; if each one could pay as much attention on first signal, if each man would show as much respect to his superior officers, if each were as loyal to the cause and as determined for its successful outcome, as are the soldiers of the German army, what a splendid and triumphant victory would be ours!—*A. G. L.*

The Elders and Their Study.—A brother, an active elder, complains that much is found in the ERA on the special work of the seventies, but nothing bearing directly on the work of the elders. The same writer says: "We feel very much in need of a work devoted to the duties of elders."

The elders are perhaps the largest body of priesthood in the Church, and the Committee will be glad to say or do any good thing to promote their welfare. They are especially under the direction of the Stake Presidencies, and this department is open for instruction and explanations, from them or any of the elders, tending to the enlightenment and advantage of the elders. To begin with, dear brother, read carefully these words, from the introduction to the 1910 elders' course of study which, it may be said in passing, treats of just what our correspondent is anxious to have them learn—the duties of elders. We believe it meets many of the wants of the brethren, in this respect, and will besides suggest a vast field yet to be found in the Doctrine and Covenants, the best work in the world from which the elder may learn his duties:

The Elders' Course for 1910 does not purport to be a study of the Doctrine and Covenants as a book, nor even to name, not to say explain, all the principles revealed in that work. The course is just what the title implies, viz., "Duties and Principles from the Doctrine and Covenants and Modern Revelation."

The first two lessons are devoted to inspiration and revelation as

fundamental principles of Christianity; in fact as principles at the very heart of the Christian religion. Notice especially the thought emphasized in lesson two, that "Harmony is a necessary condition to inspiration." In lesson three, note that the Prophet Joseph Smith conformed to the conditions of harmony. It is not unreasonable, then, to accept what follows as truths revealed to the boy prophet through the gift of inspiration. Hundreds of thousands have testified that they know that the revelations are from God. Every elder should be convinced of the same truth. With this end in view, take up this short course of study, apply the principles taught therein, live a prayerful, virtuous life, performing faithfully your duties, and you shall have a testimony of the divinity of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

But, brethren, to know this, you must study; you *must serve*.

Part One comprises twelve lessons on duties pertaining to the individual life and acts of the elder.

Part Two comprises twelve lessons pertaining to duties and principles that may be applied not only as individuals, but as quorums as well.

Part Three comprises eleven lessons, on general principles of the gospel. The last lesson is one on the Prophet Joseph Smith, and should be a kind of comprehensive summary of his life and work.

Only a few references to the Doctrine and Covenants are printed in the outline; so each member should provide himself with a copy of this book, and also with the first two volumes of Church History.

Now, fellow workers, the success of this year depends upon ourselves; each one must do something. Remember—

We must study; we must serve.

Important Instructions on Filling up Quorums of Seventy.

—There are at present one hundred and fifty-six quorums of seventy in the Church. If all these quorums were complete, with seventy men in each quorum, there would be a company of ten thousand nine hundred and twenty men. The statistics of the Church indicate that the quorums of seventy are not complete. At the close of the year 1908 the records in the office of the Presiding Bishopric gave the total number of seventies as eight thousand eight hundred and fifty-five; thus showing that many of the quorums do not have the seventy men necessary to a complete quorum.

The First Council of Seventy are anxious to make all the quorums conform to the word of the Lord regarding the number required to make a full quorum. Wherever suitable men can be found, proper steps should be taken to fill up all vacancies existing in the quorums of the seventy. The welfare of other quorums from which men are drawn to fill up the ranks of the seventies must be considered, and such requisitions be made as the quorums can meet, without doing them serious injury.

It has been repeatedly impressed upon the presiding seventies, that many of the brethren who are sent out as missionaries, are the very class

of men to satisfactorily fill the vacancies existing in the various quorums of seventy. The propriety of filling up these quorums is set forth in the following forceful manner by President Joseph F. Smith:

“I feel like blessing the quorums of the priesthood, every one of them, from the high priests to the deacons. I pray God, my heavenly Father, to remember them in their organizations, to help them, that they may magnify the priesthood they hold, and do the will of the Father; that the seventies may be minute men, instant in season and out of season, ready and willing to respond to the calls that are made upon them to go and preach the gospel to the world. Gather in from the elders’ quorums those who have proven themselves worthy, and who have gained experience, and make seventies of them, so that the quorums of the seventies may be replenished; and the aged ones, whose physical condition will not permit them any longer to do missionary duty in the world, let them be ordained high priests and patriarchs, to bless the people and to minister at home. Gather in the strong, the vigorous, the young, the able-bodied, who have the spirit of the gospel in their hearts, to fill up the ranks of the seventies, that we may have ministers to preach the gospel to the world. They are needed. We cannot now meet the demand.”*

The instructions given above were imparted under a most remarkable outpouring of the Spirit of God, those who heard President Smith were impressed with the feeling that the word of God had been spoken. The presidents of the various quorums are instructed to increase the membership of the quorums by making requisitions, as heretofore, and also in the following manner: Whenever selections of young men for missionary work are made by the bishoprics in a quorum district, presidents should consult together over their qualifications and their worthiness for advancement. Whenever their character, and ability, are such as is set forth in the quotation from the remarks made by President Smith, let the necessary steps be taken to have them come to Salt Lake recommended for ordination to the office of seventy. This can be accomplished by respectfully calling the attention of bishops to the natural qualifications of those who fill the requirements. Then ask that they be recommended to stake presidents, in time to have their names come before the High Council, and stake priesthood meeting, for endorsement, before they leave home enroute to the mission field. All elders who have been thus approved according to the rules obtaining in the Church, and who bring a written recommend certifying to the fact that they have been properly endorsed, can be ordained under the hands of members of the First Council when they arrive in Salt Lake City.

The presidents of seventy throughout the Church will give careful

* Conference Report October, 1905, page 95.

attention to the instructions herein outlined, co-operating in the spirit of the gospel, with bishops and other local authorities, in selecting from proposed missionaries, such as give evidence of being worthy of advancement to the quorums of seventy, a constant stream of men can be brought into our ranks, eminently qualified for the special work of the seventy, without injury being done to any other priesthood organization.

Presidents of quorums should not only be anxious to fill up the quorums, but they should also teach the member to understand the character of the responsibility that rests upon them, and the necessity of cultivating a spirit of willingness to respond to the calls that may be made upon them for the carrying of the gospel abroad among the nations.

President Joseph F. Smith in speaking of the calling of the seventy, at a general conference of the Church, said:

“They are minute men. It is expected that they will be ready, whenever they are called, to go out in the world, or to go out to the various organizations of the Church to fulfil missions and to perform such duties as shall be required of them, in order that the word of the Lord and the work of the ministry may be upheld and sustained and carried on in the Church and throughout the world. * * * * They are called to an apostolic calling. They are required to be especial witnesses of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is expected of this body of men that they will have burning in their souls the testimony of Jesus Christ, which is the spirit of prophecy; that they will be full of light and of the knowledge of the truth; that they will be enthusiastic in their calling, and in the cause of Zion, and that they will be ready at any moment, when required, to go out into the world, or anywhere throughout the Church and bear testimony of the truth, preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, and set examples before the world of purity, love, honesty, uprightness and integrity to the truth.”*

Once again presidents are earnestly instructed to be watchful and prayerful, in seeking to fill up the quorums, that men may be secured who will respond to the calls made upon them with the promptness and faith outlined in the above quotation.

There are numbers of young men in every stake of the caliber named, seek them out, and bring them into the quorums that “the gifts and callings of God unto them” indicate as their proper place.

* General Conference Report, October, 6, 1904, page 3.

Mutual Work.

The Deseret Gymnasium. This is one of the most notable buildings now nearing completion. The actual work of construction was commenced very late in the fall of 1908, and the prospects are that it will be finished early this year.

The building covers a ground area of approximately 90x150 feet, and is in height pretty near the equal of a five-story building, with a basement below.

Beginning at the bottom, the gymnasium contains as follows:

Basement floor:—Bowling alleys, large locker room with two-team room suites, one on either side, each containing team room, rubbing room and shower and toilet rooms, also steam room, drying room, room for the machinery and filters, and a room which may later be used as a barber shop.

Main floor:—Main entrance hallway with an ample stairway in either side leading both up and down; main locker room with ceiling 18 feet high, centrally located and well lighted, and with space isolated therefrom, on the one side for private dressing rooms, and on the other side for twelve shower and two tub baths, one large toilet room, an instruction room, and a ladies' hair drying room; two large exercise rooms or hand ball courts with hallway between leading to south entrance; a large swimming pool room at the north end; on the north side of the main entrance hallway, a ladies' locker room with a similar room below; on the south side of the same hallway the reception room and the office of the Physical Director.

The Mezzanine floor contains on the south of the entrance hallway a fairly large athletic association room, and on the north a rowing room; also a gallery running entirely around the swimming pool; and a room over the hallway leading to the south entrance to be used for the apparatus required for ventilating the building.

The main gymnasium floor contains the main gymnasium room, with two smaller rooms on either side of the hallway.

Are there any conditions in your ward that make the work in any of the departments of the M.I. A. more difficult than it should be?

Of the main floor the swimming pool is perhaps the most attractive, indeed, it is a question if it will not be the best room in the building. The pool itself is 30 by 60 feet, with a five-foot tiled promenade running all around, the depth of water varies from four and a half feet at the east end, to seven feet at the other; but it is so arranged that a less depth of water can be maintained.

The pool will be equipped with slate steps and brass ladders leading down into it, and a springboard at the deep end.

The walls of the room containing the pool, as also those of the pool itself, will be glazed with white enameled brick, together with the numerous windows, which should make this room a beautiful and most attractive one. In order to increase as much as possible its attractiveness, all the water in the pool is first to be filtered, so that it, too, should be crystal clear.

Entrance to the pool room is obtained only through the shower room; all who use the pool must first take a shower bath.

By an arrangement of plan which can only be alluded to here, it is possible to shut and lock two doors and thereby isolate the pool and the two ladies-locker rooms from the balance of the building. This will permit the ladies to have reserved to them the swimming pool at certain intervals, without interfering with the regular work in the remainder of the building.

The visitors gallery above the pool can be entered only from the main entrance hallway.

Another room which will compete with the swimming pool as being the best in the building, is the main gymnasium on the top floor. This is certainly a splendid room. Its size is 71 by 146 feet, and it is 32 feet from floor to underside of trusses. It will have a polished maple floor, so that it should be as ideal for dancing as for gymnastics. The room will be amply lighted by large windows on all sides and by an extensive skylight above; and at night by a plentiful array of electric light bulbs.

Other distinguishing features of this room are: first, the permanent seating gallery nine feet above the floor, providing accommodations for about a thousand people, and supported from the wall columns on the cantilever principle; and second, the running track, above the seating gallery, having fourteen and one-half laps to the mile.

Besides the main entrance stairways, other stairways have been provided as follows: a tower staircase on the west side of the building with landings at all floors—this is to afford easy and private communication for the athletes to all parts of the building, and two iron circular

staircases leading from the northwest and southwest corners of the main gymnasiums to the seating gallery and running-track above.

For quick descent from the running-track, two brass sliding poles have been installed, terminating at the main gymnasium floor.

The building is practically fireproof, being built almost entirely of concrete, steel and masonry. It will cost approximately \$175,000.

Those who have had charge of the design and erection of the building are Lewis Telle Cannon and Ramm Hanson, architects, and A. P. Merrill, engineer. Before perfecting their plans, they visited all the newest and best gymnasiums throughout the United States, in order that they might embody in this one, all that was best. The public will soon have an opportunity of passing judgment on the completed structure.

Questions for Officers.—Presidents of wards and stake officers will do well to question themselves as to their work, and the condition of their associations.

Have you organized your committees on study, athletics, field sports, music and drama, and social affairs, library and reading course, conferences and conventions; missionary work; and on reading, debates, contests and lectures? If not, what are you going to do about the matter? If so, how are they working? What results?

Have your teachers good attention? Is the order in your association good? What are you doing to make it better? Is your association a factor in the life of your ward? In what respect? Have you any suggestions to offer for the next season?

Do you know who the chairmen of the committees of the General Board are who have the different divisions of work in charge? Have you written to them for suggestions? Have you any suggestions to offer?

Have you any criticisms of the manual? Do you have plenty of them in the classes?

Have you canvassed your ward for the ERA? Have you appointed an agent, and is he doing his duty? Do the priesthood quorums support you in getting subscribers?

Have you a committee on athletics? How are you prepared to give athletic exercises? Do the games bring you a greater enrollment? What effect have they on the order, lessons, interest?

Have you a committee to take charge of the debating, oration and lecture department? How did you succeed with your efforts to have a debate? Have you had any readings in the Junior Class?

Is your organization properly graded?

Passing Events.

Jose Madriz was inaugurated president of Nicaragua, December 21, and former president Zelaya has fled to Mexico, where he has been ordered to keep quiet. Madriz was said early in January to be tired of his charge, and to wish to leave.

The University of Copenhagen announced on December 21, 1909, that the records and observations of the "Dash to the North Pole" submitted by Dr. Cook, fail to establish his claim to the discovery of the Pole. Dr. Cook has disappeared under the scorching criticism and bitter shame that has come to him. Some are generous enough to state that he might have believed honestly that he discovered the Pole, but was self-deceived.

Frederick Remington, an American painter and sculptor, and author of several volumes of sketches and fiction, died on the 26th of December, age 48 years. He was a well-known contributor for *Harper's Weekly*, *Colliers*, *Youth's Companion*, and other publications, and his sketches reproduced, both in picture and sculpture, types of the wild-west, including Indians, cowboys and wild scenery, all of which he interpreted for the people of the East.

King Leopold II of Belgium died December 17, 1909. He was buried in Brussels, Dec. 22. Born April 8, 1835, he ascended the throne December 10, 1865, at the death of his father, Leopold I, the uncle and trusted counselor of Queen Victoria, of England. He has become famous, or shall we say infamous, through his founding, in 1882, the Kongo Independent state where the slave trade was freely carried on in later years. In the absence of any direct male heir, Leopold's nephew, Prince Albert I, succeeded to the throne as king of the Belgians, December 23. This young prince is 34 years old and is very popular.

The Nobel prizes this year, which prizes are given as rewards to those who from year to year are thought to have attained the greatest results in various fields of activity for 1909, were awarded in Physics

to William Marconi, inventor of wireless telegraphy, and Prof. Ferdinand Braum, director of Physics at the University of Strausberg; in Chemistry, to William Ostwald, professor of Chemistry at Leipzig; for Physiology and Medicine, to Professor Emil Theodore Kocher of the University of Berne; for literature, to Selma Lagerlof, a Swedish author. The peace prize is divided between Baron Constant of France, and Beernert of Belgium. Each prize amounts to \$38,672.

The present site of Manti, the Temple City, writes Peter A Paulson to the ERA, was located August 20, 1849, by an exploring party, Joseph Horne, W. W. Philips, Ira Willis, and D. B. Huntington, with Chief Walker as guide. They entered the valley through Salt Creek canyon, and were entertained in a most friendly manner by the Indians or Lamanites, numerous at the time. Within a few days the exploring party returned to Salt Lake City, reporting to President Brigham Young most favorably for the founding of a colony.

A company of about fifty families from Salt Lake City and Centerville organized, and proceeded south that fall, under command of Isaac Morley, Seth Taft, Charles Shumway and Nelson Higgins. Manti was selected by them as the site of the first frontier settlement in Central and Southern Utah. President Young visited the little band, in 1850, and christened their city Manti, in honor of one of the cities mentioned in the Book of Mormon. He also named the county "Sanpete," after the Indian Chief Sanpitch, a prominent character among his tribe at that time. Manti City was incorporated by act of the legislature, in 1851, and Dan Jones was elected the first mayor.

In 1853, Manti claimed 647 souls out of a population of 765 in the entire county. Since that time the Temple City has steadily pressed onward through numerous difficulties, until she has now a population of three thousand. Her beautiful temple was dedicated to the Lord in May, 1888. Since then Saints from all parts of the earth have enjoyed the peaceful influence prevailing there, and received blessings for themselves and for departed relatives and friends by the thousands.

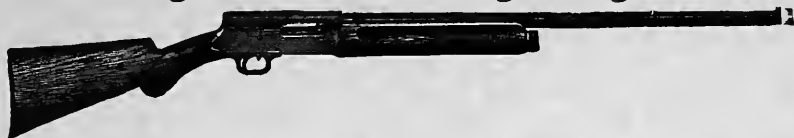
The sixtieth anniversary of the settlement of Manti, claimed by some to be August 19, 1849, was celebrated November 22, 23 and 24, 1909, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. More than five hundred people attended from various parts of the Union: Boston, Mass., Arizona, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon and other states, and Canada. Representatives, besides, from many of the cities and towns in Utah made up the happy gathering on "Home Coming Day." All the living pioneers of Manti, during the first ten years of her existence, were the guests of the city during the three days' celebration. A bureau of

information was established, writes Peter A. Paulson to the ERA, where all pioneers and visitors were invited to register and to gather. Every convenience within the reach of the efficient committees having the mammoth undertaking in charge was supplied. One hundred and ninety-six badges of honor were distributed to those persons who were residents of Manti during the ten years from 1849 to 1859. The veterans impressed the youth of the land with the faith they must have possessed to enable them to endure the trials of these early days of sixty years ago—yet blessed days of unity they were.

Monday, November 22, was "Home Coming Day;" given over to the entertainment of the pioneers and visitors, to renew old acquaintance and to see the sights. A splendid concert in the tabernacle in the evening was attended by more than twelve hundred people. Tuesday was "Pioneer Day." The guests at the tabernacle heard a unique program, consisting of interesting reminiscences, given principally by the veterans, of experiences in Manti sixty years ago. Musical numbers and readings by some of the later generations of the Temple City were interspersed. In the afternoon the Daughters of the Pioneers and others entertained nearly three hundred of the veterans and their escorts at a banquet in the opera house. The entertainment concluded with toasts and responses by the early pioneers, who related many interesting accounts of the battles with the Lamanites, their advantages, or rather disadvantages, for gaining an education, their amusements, and numerous anecdotes most interesting and amusing to the younger people. Wednesday was given over to the school children, and was termed "Governor's Day," but Governor William Spry could not be present. An interesting talk was given by State Superintendent of Schools, A. C. Nelson, who represented His Excellency. This meeting, held in the high school building, was attended by a large congregation of school children and veterans. The celebration concluded with a dramatic entertainment of pioneer days, in the opera house.

Of the first company of pioneers who settled Manti in 1849, Ezra Shomaker, Azariah Smith, William B. Richey, Adelia B. Cox Sidwell, Mary Lowry Peacock, Chelnecha Hambleton Jolley Tuttle, Esther Smith Andersen, Jerusha Shomaker Billings, and Lucy Allen Cox, are now residents of the city. The successful entertainment was attended by many former residents who had been absent from Manti nearly fifty years. President Anthon H. Lund represented the First Presidency, and in the tabernacle gathering related some interesting history of the early days.

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